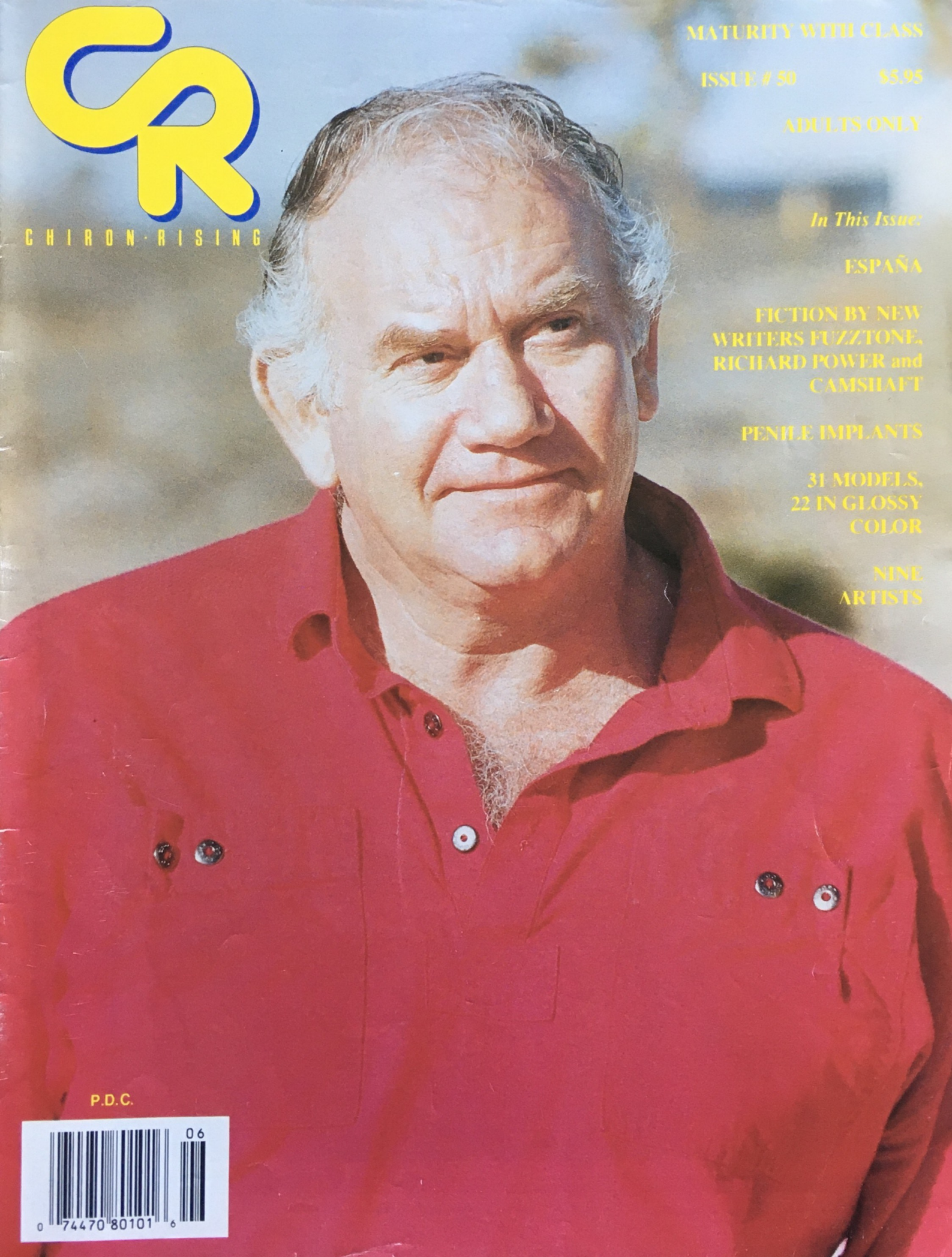
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CHIRON·RISING
MATURITY WITH CLASS
ISSUE # 50
$5.95
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In This Issue:
ESPAÑA
FICTION BY NEW WRITERS FUZZTONE, RICHARD POWER and CAMSHAFT
PENILE IMPLANTS
31 MODELS, 22 IN GLOSSY COLOR
NINE ARTISTS
P.D.C.
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BIG PAW

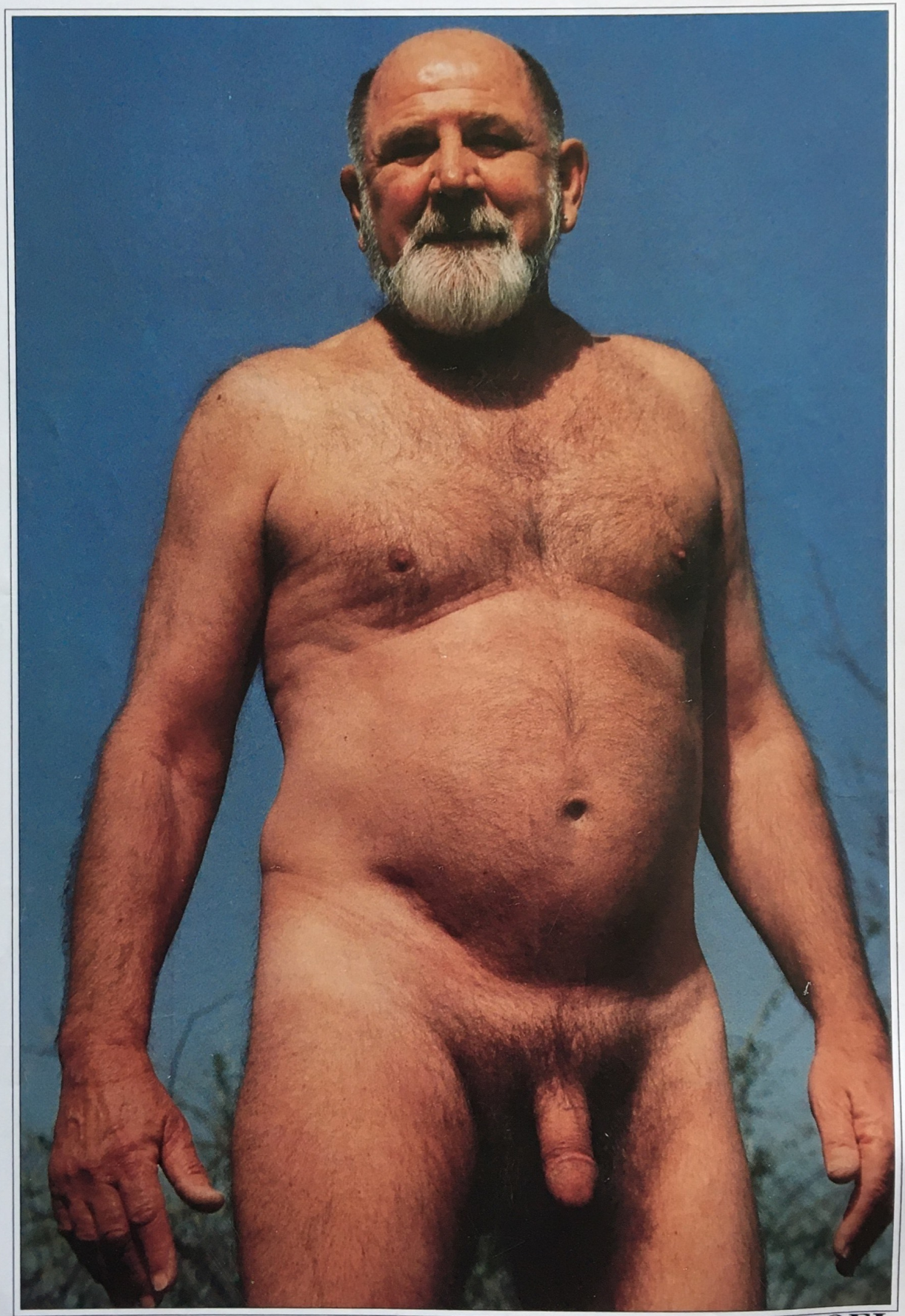

PHOTO BY JOEL

THIS PUBLICATION IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE, SEASONED MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS:

1. TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS.

2. TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFEMATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONT COVER: Model ZIPPER . . . photo by SYRINX
2 Model BIG PAW
4 FORUM
9 Artist QUETZAL
10 Artist DAVID
11 Model PETER PANDA
12 Model POPEYER
13 HEALTH
14 Writer FELIX
15 ANNOUNCEMENTS
16 Artist JON
17 Writer FLORES
18 Poet RANDY DIX
19 Models INDIANA HOOSIER and DOUGHBOY
20 Artist BILL THREE
21 Model RAY T.
22 Model HANSRUDOLF
23 Writer FUZZTONE
25 PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS
26 Writer RICHARD POWER
27 Models COLORADO HUSKY, JOHN BEAR, H.J., HUGH, BOY BEAR, NACHO
28 Models LONE WOLF, BRAD, CRAIG, PAUL
29 Models SILVER MINK, TUCK, FLORIDA DON, C.C.
30 Models BAY AREA TOP, LORD CLEVELAND, BOB FIVE, OUTBACK JACK
33 Artist ELF
34 Writer CAMSHAFT
36 Artist MASCOT
37 Artist KEMUSH
38 Model CARL
39 Artist RAM
41 PERSONAL ADS
45 Model JOEL
46 Artist MAURICE
48 Model BUD TWO
50 IN CLOSING
52 Artist ABE
55 Model BILL OF WALES
56 Model KAUAI TO DA MAX

Profiles of all black & white photo models, artists and writers are located at the end of their portrait/featured work. Profiles of color photo models are located on page 25. All contributors welcome correspondence unless noted otherwise. You may write to them as you would a coded personal advertiser. Please see page 41 for instructions.

We proudly introduce GARY THOMAS, the creator of our new logo design on the front cover. Gary is a 36-year-old graphic artist who lives in Washington State with his recently retired silver bear partner of 15 years.

F O R U M

THE COLONEL

I read in Issue #47 that KENT JUSTICE had passed away, and my heart goes out to THE COLONEL. I didn't know either of them, but I did send THE COLONEL a card with my condolences. He called me to thank me for the card; and we talked quite a while. Then he sent me a thank-you card. He sounds like a very nice man, and I hope I can meet him some time. I know what he is going through because I lost my lover to AIDS in June of 1990. We were together for 24 years and I miss him very much. He was 12 years younger than me and I thought he would be around to take care of me, but things don't always work that way. He didn't want to go to a hospice or hospital, so I took care of him here at home until the end. We have a lot of good friends and they were all very supportive and helpful. I am so glad I was introduced to CR. I have been a subscriber since it was SWAN. I have received over 60 replies to my ad and photo in Issue #42, and I have met a lot of very nice guys. They have helped me get through the last two years. I do hope THE COLONEL is okay and I wish him well. CANCER/San Francisco

I would like to thank the many readers and friends of CR and you two for the truly astounding outpouring of compassion and support for Ken (KENT JUSTICE) and me. The letters, cards, monetary gifts to the AIDS Project and personal mementos and gifts to me now number close to two hundred (from Indian artifacts from Minnesota to CDs from a recording artist in Toronto). Each day brought mail and more tears as I went through letters and cards. Each night brought tears as I went outside to talk to Ken's star and tell him what the wonderful people had said about his photos, stories, drawings and videos of Mardi Gras. I have tried diligently to personally answer by mail and phone calls all who wrote, and I sincerely hope that no one was left out. Again, as I write this four months after his death, I thank all of you from my heart. Ken's star is brighter because of the wonderful CR family. Love, THE COLONEL/ Mississippi

THE COLONEL is doing well and is never far from the close friends who adore him so. As those of you who've lost your mates know, only time will diminish the pain. He is a very strong and wonderful man who fully deserves our compassion and love. PHC

WANNA GO TO SWITZERLAND?

I hate to start off this letter by saying I never wrote to a magazine before, so I won't. I discovered CR recently in a gay bookstore in Milan. The photo of WALTER MITTY on the back was reason enough to buy it. Although I was somewhat disappointed not to see a somewhat more revealing picture of him inside (may I keep hoping?), this disappointment was more than offset by my reaction to the magazine as a whole. I hadn't been aware that such a publication exists, and the further I read, the more impressed I became. First of all, what a relief to see pictures of men who look like mature, intelligent human beings. I love them all—even the head shots. I like a picture of a cock as much as anyone, but faces are more fascinating, because the more a man matures, the more interesting and attractive his face becomes. But what impressed me even more was the text, which is far above the moronic level found in most gay magazines. One can tell that you people don't publish the magazine just to make a profit (although I hope you do), but because you really care about your readers and want to bring people together who could otherwise be very lonely. I am taking out a subscription and enclosing a photo of myself, which I hope you will publish. It was taken last summer at Cap d'Adge by a photographer who was going from table to table, so I can't tell you his name. I'm a fifty-year old Canadian and have been living for a long time in Switzerland, where I'm engaged in the theatre. St. Gallen, where I live, has a very friendly gay sauna, where all ages are welcome. There are also two saunas in Zürich which cater to an older crowd. I would like to hear from any of your readers. I also have an apartment where I have room for visitors, and I'd be glad to take in anyone who is in this area. St. Gallen is in a beautiful corner of Switzerland (actually, Switzerland has only beautiful corners), but St. Gallen in between the mountains and Lake Constance and close to the Austrian border. Anyone who is interested can contact me under the telephone number (Switzerland) 071/355370 (from outside of the country, leave off the 0 before 071). If you're calling from the states, don't forget the time difference! In closing, I have two questions: if I want to write to someone, I can't put American postage on the return envelope. What can I do about that? And can you explain what Chiron Rising means? With many greetings. DOOLITTLE.

We now state in the PERSONAL AD instructions that foreign responders to ads should include $1 or two international reply coupons for each three letters (under 1/2 oz each) addressed to someone in the U.S. For foreign to foreign correspondence, include one international reply coupon per letter, or $1 per two letters. The name "Chiron Rising" is explained in the previous FORUM (Issue #48). And just wait until you see what DOOLITTLE looks like! Ooooooweeeee! PHC

HAPPY MODELS

What a wonderful surprise to get my magazine yesterday and to see myself in living color! I never expected it. I also like what you said in the profile. The artwork of FUZZTONE is wonderful. Guys, the story about Dan and Roy (IN CLOSING, Issue #48) in Philadelphia is wonderful. I just cried the whole story since I've lost a lover of 23 years. I wish I had had someone to talk to. I was really lost. I was lucky I didn't have family to worry about, but I knew I wasn't bringing him home . . . which I didn't. All I hope is my new relationship with WOTAN lasts as long and is as good. OUR magazine (and it is ours, and that is what makes it so wonderful) is personal. It's like closeness between the readers and you guys who put it together. I love both of you very much. You have created something the world needs. Thanks a lot. RICHARD/Southern California.

And thank RICHARD! Without contributors like him and WOTAN and all the great photographers, artists, writers and volunteers we're blessed with, the magazine would be nothing but a thin, boring newsletter. PHC

The photo and ad that appeared in Issue #46 generated more responses (lost count) than I could have imagined. Most

respondents made the connection between the photo (BUCK) and the print ad (EVERGREEN) with a local P.O. box number and wrote to me via the box. I was most impressed by the caliber, sincerity and content of the responses. Most of all, I am happy to report about one in particular, a "special" younger man from your beautiful state. As our friendship unfolds with letters, phone calls ($$$), photo exchange, etc., we grow ever closer and have already bonded spiritually. He will visit with me in early May and our expectations for a happy future fill each of our hearts and souls with great happiness. CR offers a very special service to gay men: the chance to find their "special" mate. With sincere affection: BUCK (aka EVERGREEN)/Ohio

We lost count of the models and advertisers who have found mates. Needless to say, we're profoundly gratified. Currently the success rate for models seriously looking for mates is near 85%. Some of the other 15% let their subscriptions lapse, so we have no idea if they connected or not. PHC

AN EXTENDED HAND

CR just keeps getting better and better. I have been subscribing since it was SWAN. I hope you never quit. Your magazine has meant so much to me. I really feel like I am part of a "family" rather than just a reader of some gay-oriented magazine. I don't know anybody else who does now or ever has put out a magazine like you do, and I for one really appreciate it. I know you have worked your asses off, and now I hope that it is getting large enough so you will be able to reap some financial rewards. Like I usually do, I sat down and read your latest from cover to cover. I especially liked your article on health, EXOCET's interview of you, and the IN CLOSING. Many thanks to FLORES and THE HERETIC for their excellent work. I find I really need as well as enjoy the information I find in CR. I wish you had some kind of "recommendations" list so we the unenlightened could have some sort of reference for finding doctors, lawyers, store owners, etc., of like-mind as we are. I for one would go out of my way to patronize and give my business to "our group." Just one more comment. I am not sure whether I would have VIP status because of my longevity or donations to trees or sending a subscription to a fellow who I know appreciates it. It doesn't matter. I am in agreement with those who wrote you and said we were well paid by the magazine itself and the fine work that you do. You have come into my life and made it better for being there. What else can I say? Thank you. Both of you. I sincerely mean it. Reading your magazine makes me want to take part in something and reach out and offer my services to someone. I know you are not in the business, but, if you happen to hear of anyone who could use a helping hand in any way (companion, ride to the market, friend, etc.), please give them my number and tell them to call me. I would be glad to help someone out if I could. Thanks again. The best of health and happiness to you both. G.B./ Santa Monica Area

We wish we could publish a "recommendations" list, but very few gay doctors, store owners and lawyers want to be associated with a magazine that depicts . . . (shudder) . . . NUDITY. So much for that idea. But, WOW, did G.B. give us one hell of a brilliant idea when he offered his services. Read all about it in the ANNOUNCEMENTS. In the meantime, if you or someone you know could use G.B.'s services, please write him in care of us. PHC

THE SPECIAL ISSUES

Enclosed is my check to upgrade my subscription to include the special May and November 92 issues. After having enjoyed SANCTUM, MOONFINCH and ZONES so very, very much, it gets harder (no pun intended) and harder to wait for the next special issue!! Congratulations on six years of publishing the best gay magazine for us seniors! Continued success in your endeavors. B & L/Georgia

Thanks for letting me get a peek at Issue 49 before press time. O.K. I expected to be kicked in the stomach by your novel, *KNOWING SATURN*, but it was not fair to one-two punch me with that unbelievable photo of KOALA BEAR on the inside back cover. He's a BUCKO drawing come to life, a Bigman/ Bear lover's ultimate fantasy, a magnificent beast with a beastly fat cock. I never thought I'd become addicted to a magazine! Are you going to reprise this photo for the guys who don't buy your special issues? It would be a pity for them to miss it. B.A./ Anaheim

No, we don't repeat photos. Readers will have to buy the special issue to see KOALA BEAR, who probably won't be featured again until the August 92 issue. PHC

I've read #45 (THE ZONES SPECIAL) three times and I'm still amazed that you can have such a brain and still be satisfied to "mother" so many of us "old farts." Thanks for **all**. J.F./San Mateo

The brain is average, but the spirit is obsessed with writing and mothering. PHC

THE OTHER CLONES

It perturbs me when I read disparaging remarks about the "clones" in mainstream gay soft porn magazines. I happen to like the looks of a hairless, good-looking young man. Have you ever taken a good look at the hirsute models in the surging black & white publications? The models have beards, earrings, chest hair and foreskins. To not have those "trappings" and "qualities" is to be an alien. They're all between 35 and 45, look like they need a bath, and love to pierce their dicks and wear a lot of leather and chrome. If these guys aren't clones in their own right, then I'm not a CR subscriber. Please continue giving us that marvelous diversity you provide! A.R./San Francisco

MARDI GRAS

Are you kidding? Of course I'm renewing! I'm enclosing an extra amount so someone else can have a regular subscription, too. I've met some really great men through CR. I went to Mardi Gras and met THE COLONEL (wow!), GEORGE I & II, SEAN & WOODY, IRONWORKER, HAWFINCH and some others that hadn't been in the magazine. I've been talking to THE COLONEL a lot since then, and he is planning a visit very soon! I wrote WALTER MITTY and he has written back. He said he helped you with the last mailing. I've been invited to San Francisco, Denver, Omaha, Mississippi, Laguna Beach . . . all either directly or indirectly through CR. Now if I can find the time and money to visit these wonderful men. Needless to say, keep up the good work and thanks! T.W./Arkansas

Yes, WALTER MITTY helped us get out Issues 47 and 48, plus he's volunteered to help with 49 and 50, too. He's a delight. Last time, he brought along a huge mound of clay. After all the CR work was done, he spent the next four hours molding a whimsical and brilliantly crafted female with huge tits and a

head so loaded with hair that it fell off twice. He also brought along some of the most breathtaking color portraits (non-erotic) of older men we've ever seen. Unfortunately, we'll have to wait until we add another 4 pages of color to feature them-possibly later this year. PHC

What an ingenious way you chose to induce me to renew my subscription: sticking the notice inside Issue #48, with its front cover photo of KARL, about as sexy-looking a man I would ever hope to see, and the inside photo of RUSSIAN BEAR, who has a mature body to die for! Really great inducement! MOUNTAIN MAN is also a real find. Please continue CR just as it is; I have no practical suggestions for improvements. I saw THE COLONEL one Mardi Gras night in the new bar, "Sterlings's." I was the one in a tux, avidly kissing a young man from the Azores (almost too young for my tastes—he is only 39). I called him "My Little Portuguese," but discovered he didn't know of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, so I dropped that. He was vivacious, charming, and enthusiastic, and his repeated words, "You turn me on!" for half an hour or so were for me the high point of this year's carnival. I'm 63. I do hope that Sterling's will be a success; the owners are trying to make it a pleasant bar for folks like us. I have never before received a letter from a bar owner, thanking me for being a customer, but I got one from Sterling's. And I do hope that CR will continue to be around for many, many more years. Sincerely, L.C./Maryland

MALE BREAST CANCER

It will be eight years in July since I had my breast cancer surgery, and each checkup every six months has gone well. There have been no new problems or recurrence of old ones, so with each passing year it is another plus—a great big plus—in my favor! Fortunately for me, the malignancy was caught in time and had not spread to other vital organs, so I was not required to take any radiation or chemo treatments. My right nipple is gone with the surgery and a scar is there, but that is very minor compared to how much more serious it all could have been! Therefore, each new day that I'm still around to enjoy life and the beauty around—plus feeling pretty well health-wise and good about myself in general—makes for a happier state of mind. My best wishes to you and THE FRIAR, as always. A.D./ San Jose Area

MATURE MEN IN ALL THEIR RIPENESS AND GIRTH

Permit me to put in my two cents. I read CR from cover to cover and always look forward to the next issue. Since getting your magazine for several years now, I suspect our tastes in older men may be somewhat similar. Because you have become somewhat of a public persona, I am sure you are under the gun to try and please all the people all the time. With your understanding nature, I suspect you would like to do so if possible. However, your original intent of displaying the mature man in all his ripeness, complete with excess pounds, is still, I hope, your main thrust. I imagine you are under some pressure to show slim men, since that appears to be mandatory in conventional gay-dom. You could present endless beefy, husky older men to my continued delight. Please accept my best wishes for continued success. R.C./Baltimore

The fact that your magazine includes some overweight, "out-of-shape" gents is absolutely no bother to me and probably most subscribers. It is of more importance that your models reflect real, everyday, true-to-life males. If anyone is bothered by this, there are many other publications to suit their taste. I think you would have an abundance of models and more to pick from if you will emphasize from time to time that they don't have to have a perfect body to give some of us younger fellows a thrill. Just have to be "hangin" with wisdom and character. Also, please try to feature more uncircumcised older gents in the future, wherever possible. Sure enjoy your photography. Keep up the good work. J.W./Atlanta

Most magazines exclusively publish photos of men who turn on the editors. Depending upon the magazine, these editors seek out exactly what they want and photograph it. We, on the other hand, publish much, much more than just my own type, which I have yet to adequately define even for myself. We do not believe in the word "unattractive" and will publish EVERY superior, reproducible photograph we receive, provided it depicts an older man or admirer. Since we miraculously receive a good cross-section of photos, it is relatively easy to provide our readers with a good mix of models. Sure, people write us and ask for more this or more that, but they must realize that we aren't out there beating the bushes with a camera. We must depend upon submittals. But don't worry, you lovers of older, beefy men. We have plenty of big boys to go around. PHC

CHANGING PERSPECTIVES

I have now been with you for 1-1/2 years. My perspective of gay life has changed considerably during that time. I was raised in a strong Mormon family, and the adjustment to my being gay hasn't been easy. My greatest strength has come from my companion of two years. Bob (not his real name) is 50 and I am 25. The age difference doesn't make it easy when straight people always ask how we met. Putting our sexual orientation aside, our being together is hard for the mainstream to understand. Your magazine has helped me to see that I am not strange for liking older men. Bob and I met by accident over the phone. We fell in love before we ever met. If I had not met him, it is likely that I would have continued down a road towards self-destruction. Although I was only 23, I had spent a good nine years trying to meet the expectations of my church and family. I did not believe there was any good in the gay life. My perspective was rest stops and parks, and I could not live my life with the stress this created. Thank goodness Bob came along. I had only known him about three weeks when I called my parents and told them I was in love with a man they hadn't even heard of. What a way to come out! I could only tell them that, if they wanted to know what he was like, they should picture me when I'm older. Today my parents love Bob, and we are going to their home in New Mexico this weekend to celebrate my dad's birthday. They still don't like our relationship, but they didn't allow that to block their getting to know the person. One of the main stresses in my life now involves our age difference. Bob has been out to himself for 20 years, and during that time he has experienced a variety of the different facets of gay life. When he met me, I had done very little. I was more gay in my mind than my actions. Now the problem: I find myself wanting to experience going to gay baths and nudist places. Bob has gone to them in the past, but he doesn't get into nudism the way I do. I never want to leave him, period. Yet, I find myself attracted to the adrenaline-producing thrill of being out cruising. Again, I didn't experience much of it before I met him. I have never been to a bath house, and Bob has taken me to Black's Beach once when we were in San Diego. I wonder if there are any other men out there who are going through the same experience? We'll be going to Southern California again soon and I would love to meet the two of you. I don't know if I can talk Bob into driving

up to see you. Congrats on the contract with PDC. I am extremely excited to see the magazine grow. MACRO/Salt Lake City

Well, dear readers, MACRO's partner was kind enough to bring him for a visit. Bob, a ruggedly handsome man with a pro linebacker body, seemed a little apprehensive at first, but Sammi and Zelda (our mutts) made him feel at home. MACRO is a curly haired blond with a dazzling smile and soulful eyes—the type some of our older lovers of younger men would kill for (ditto lovers of fiftyish men for Bob). The four of us hit it off quite well, and I think we planted the seeds for a good friendship. Both men are quite knowledgeable and down-to-earth, and, judging from the equipment he carried, MACRO is undoubtedly one hell of a photographer (we see the results soon). Their age difference is about the same as ours. Bob's real first name is the same as THE FRIAR's. MACRO and I are Cancerians and Bob and THE FRIAR are Capricorns. We gave MACRO a big dose of advice on how to handle his concern over his and Bob's age and experience disparity, but he'd still like to hear from others. PHC

MORE ON MONOGAMY

After reading "Open and Closed Relationships" by PAPA BEAR (Issue #47), I felt compelled to respond to the issue at hand. In my life I have had two relationships. The first was a "monogamous relationship" that lasted three years. I put monogamous in quotation marks because the relationship was monogamous in name only. I was faithful, he was not. There were many things that caused the break-up of that relationship, but his lack of faithfulness was one of them. Even though I was the one who called off the relationship, I was left hurt, defensive, and most of all determined never to trust anyone again. My "wall" stayed up for two years. Then I met my current lover. It was one of those encounters that was full of chemistry. We did not fall in love right away, but we were in lust. Oh, what a feeling! As we became better acquainted, we realized that we were falling in love. Neither one of us wanted a relationship, but our emotions won out over our defenses. Beyond the infatuation that we felt, we quickly knew that we really liked the kind of person the other seemed to be. While we did not want to limit our feelings, we decided that we should define our relationship in terms of where we might direct its progress. We decided that while we might have wants and desires of each other, we would never put any expectations on one another. We would not try to change one another, and we would never try to make this relationship last forever. Even though we both desired a long-lasting relationship, we would treasure the time we were together rather than force a tomorrow. That way we would be free to leave or free to willingly stay in the relationship. Either way we would not take one another for granted. One issue that we did not agree on was that of monogamy. I was strictly in favor of a monogamous relationship. He said that he would never make a promise that he could not keep. Therefore, he would not promise monogamy. I was at first devastated. I had to choose either to give him up or go along with having an open relationship. After thinking and agonizing for a long time, I came to a decision based on my past. I realized that my first lover promised to be faithful and then broke that promise. It did not work. The romantic fairy tale world that I had set up came crashing to an end and caused me a great deal of pain. Because of that painful remembrance, I decided to go ahead and try an open and honest relationship. Things have worked out just fine. We have become lovers, best friends, and confidants. I know that we will never part, even though we still give each other the gift of freedom. I am free to pursue interests that he does not share with me. He is free to pursue interests that I do not enjoy. We realize that our relationship is a gift that we give ourselves on a daily basis. We work very hard on our relationship because we want it to work. My lover has been honest and trustworthy from the very start. I, in turn, have been completely honest with him. An open relationship might not work for everyone. It does work for us. But one of the key issues in being in a long-term relationship is finding what works for the two of you and then listening to your inner voices, rather than the expectations put on you by society. Happily, our love relationship has worked for over thirteen years and we are still working on it. Always, Michael/Arcadia, CA

This is to thank you for publishing MONOGAMY—TWO VIEWS by ROY and PAPA BEAR. Both articles are superlative. I identified with PAPA BEAR's view. I have never experienced, nor personally observed, a truly monogamous relationship. The subterfuge, lying, cheating and hypocrisy are too emotionally devastating. PAPA BEAR stated the issues so concisely, articulately and eloquently that I want to commend him. The views he expressed coincide with mine so much that I wished I had written the article. I plan to frame and mount it on the wall and use it as a guide for my "significant other" and me as we enter into the experience of sharing each other's life. I hope that reprints of this article can be made available as it would be of tremendous help in guiding and counseling other couples as they search for answers. Three cheers for ROY, PAPA BEAR and CR from one who feels privileged and honored to have become a member of the ever-growing CR family. Gratefully, THOM/Idaho

A LITTLE LATE

As you know, I am a new subscriber to your wonderful magazine. It is my best bedtime companion. With a back order of 10+ copies or so, they will definitely keep me busy for a while. Please do me a favor by publishing more photos (more revealing, if possible, pleeeeeease) of three of my favorite models: SENSUAL, JUPITER and JARED. I am just dying to meet and spend a weekend with any of these three charming, handsome, sexy and classy gentlemen. Oh, God, I fantasize about them every night. I have also written to all three of my beloved men in hopes that they would meet me. With great respect and love for mature men, I seek a life-long companion to please. Thanks for giving us a great magazine. C.L./San Jose

JUPITER and JARED have both found life-mates through CR and wish no more letters. It has become quite evident that our models don't stay single for long. Unfortunately, SENSUAL passed away some months ago. Even more tragic was the fact that he seemed to have found a partner through CR just before he died from complications due to a stroke. PHC

NEVER TOO OLD FOR ROMANCE AND HAPPINESS

I'm 71 years of age. I have a new relationship with a 38-year-old, and I'm deliriously happy!! A.H./British Columbia

AND WHAT ARE THINGS LIKE IN JAPAN - PART III

To add a note concerning the AIDS situation in Japan described by F.F. (FORUM, Issue #48), while our welfare ministry announced the official figure of some 2,000 HIV carriers, you have to remember this is simply the number of *reported* cases. Of course the total figure would be much higher (some experts

estimate the figure is at least 30,000). Although F.F. noted that the situation in the U.S. scared us a lot, I think the majority of Japanese people still do not think of AIDS as *our* problem. It seems that safe sex is not commonly practiced among heterosexuals. A woman friend of mine recently told me that about a dozen of her female colleagues do not use condoms for sex, and they cannot even ask their partners to use one. A widely believed myth is that Japan's condom usage rate is 80%, but this just represents the number who say they have used a condom at least once. The number of people who regularly use condoms is much lower. I'm afraid that the situation in five years will be far worse than we expect. Well, this is a pretty bleak picture, but things aren't all bad in this country. Japan may be a paradise for you, especially if you like Asians in their 20s and 30s (I'm not sure about the inclination of older Japanese men for their foreign counterparts. Could anyone tell us about it?). Well, at least it is for an American friend of mine. This grey-haired, beefy gentleman in his 50s has no trouble finding handsome and horny young Japanese friends, and averages about 30 responses every time he puts an ad in gay magazines (his good command of Japanese may be an advantage, though). Lots of Japanese men just fall in love with this lucky guy. Another example is a chubby New Yorker who put a series of his photos in *SAMSON* last summer. In a later issue of *SAMSON*, I learned that the gentleman in his 60s received over a hundred letters (he had someone who can translate the letters into English). So, language could be a certain barrier, but why not try and put your photos in *SAMSON*? You may be flooded with responses. Due to Japan's silly censorship laws as described in CR #48, wet cheese cloth on your cock is recommended (otherwise, the readers wouldn't get any idea of the shape). Sincerely yours, BEEFEATER/Tokyo

What a great idea! If you have a very high quality color photo of yourself and want to meet Japanese men, submit the photo to SAMSON *for publication. Befriend one of the many Japanese-Americans or Japanese nationals working in this country who read CR. Ask them to write you an ad for* SAMSON. *We should never allow language to separate us. PHC*

VOICES OF DISCONTENT AND A FIZZLED BOYCOTT

I'm 41 (42 in September) and nearing what used to be the Dead Zone age for men who love men. Fortunately for me, I have arrived at middle-age in the days of CR. When I subscribed in 1986, I found a magazine that not only understood my love of mature men, but based its very existence on the glorification of his sexuality, wisdom and truth of spirit. Before CR, the standard "GAY" publications rarely gave notice to the mature man. If mentioned at all, older men were mostly objects of pity. Those who liked older men were, of course, freaks of nature. Now, I understand, there are voices of discontent, and even a boycott of CR by the very people who were heretofore shunned by virtually all the so-called mainstream "GAY" press. It is idiotic that any detraction from CR should occur. Older men—previously ignored at best and ridiculed on occasion—finally have a magazine that seeks to advance their cause and glorify the dignity and lusty beauty of men of age and wisdom, and some attack it as if it was their enemy. Fortunately or not (**NOT!**), my memory is much longer than my dick. I can remember when a correspondence club was just about the only way for the older crowd to make contact with each other, or the younger men that sought them out. No articles, no fiction, no models, no nothin'. Hell, there weren't even any addresses you could reach without paying a fee! I hope that I never get so bored that I have the time or desire to look for fault in the one legitimate publication suited to my tastes and needs. I do not always agree with your views, Mr. Colley, but I do loyally support what you have done and try to do with each issue: to create a forum, a meeting place for the mature man and his admirer. Your efforts towards that end have never wavered, and that, good sir, is what is really important about the relationship between CR and us. (initials withheld)/Texas

*"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" should be re-worded to read, "Hell hath no fury like a clique scorned." There is this medium-sized metropolis in a great southern state. And in and around this great city resides a group of men who have nothing better to do than to attempt to harass us over our ill-fated IN CLOSING of Issue #46. First there were the initial howls of protest—about four letters from the same man. Next came a pathetic boycott of CR at a certain bookstore (our sales dropped 25%, then rebounded to an increase of 50%). Then came the letter from a man who held his subscription renewal "hostage" pending my repentance. Most recently came a telephone call at the crack of dawn (I was half asleep) advising that one of our artists had plagiarized a photograph published in a major magazine (he didn't). Unfortunately, I am not too friendly when awakened out of a sound sleep by someone who doesn't know what he's talking about, but I was civil in an irate sort of way. Boy, did <u>that</u> get me a scathing, written reprimand the following week! The guy wrote: "I would be greatly surprised if you hadn't been inundated with protests over your article (IN CLOSING, #46). . ." **NOT!** (We got "inundated" with **two.** Surprise!) And this guy and his lover were our house guests for 7 days once! PHC*

A REBUTTAL FROM SOMEONE WHO IS DISABLED

I appreciate so much your wonderful "pulp", CR. Truly, it fills a void that is needed—especially at this time. The men who pose throughout your pages are "warm" (I hesitate to state "hot") and fine-looking—and, most of all, are "men." I always digest the FORUM and it is sometimes unnerving to read a letter from a guy who, although trying to mean well in his aims, fumbles the ball totally. Such a letter was in your issue #48 from "Anonymous/Omaha." And, since this is a FORUM, this is directed to this man from a disabled guy. Briefly, I was stricken with polio at the age of six. Luckily, my parents wisely chose the Sister Kenny Method of rehabilitation: whereas, through the method of exercise, muscles, tendons etc. were strengthened. This, instead of putting me in braces. I regained my sight, speech (became a "speaker" of sorts), mobility, strength, etc. Throughout my adult life, I continued to build up my body and expand my mind, overcoming this disease which claimed so many thousands of lives. Actually, even today, I'm sorta proud of my body and personality. However, about six years ago, things started going wrong with me. Ultimately, I found out that I was suffering from Post Polio Syndrome. There are about 650,000 of us "survivors," who are now regressing back into the Polio situation. There is no cure, no ultimate survival, no "arresting." It is regressive, unfortunately, but we learn to deal with it. So, from a once-active guy who even played football, I am now in a wheel chair. Naturally, this has a big adverse effect on the mind, too. Fortunately, I am a relatively positive person (mentally), *who just happens to be disabled*. Now, for the life of me, I will never pose nude for photos (the body is still masculine, hairy, and if standing and immobile, looks much younger than the 60 years that it is). I have put sex behind me since—especially in this life—a disabled 60-year-old gay man is sort of "tolerated" at

(continued on page 13)

COACH BIGGS

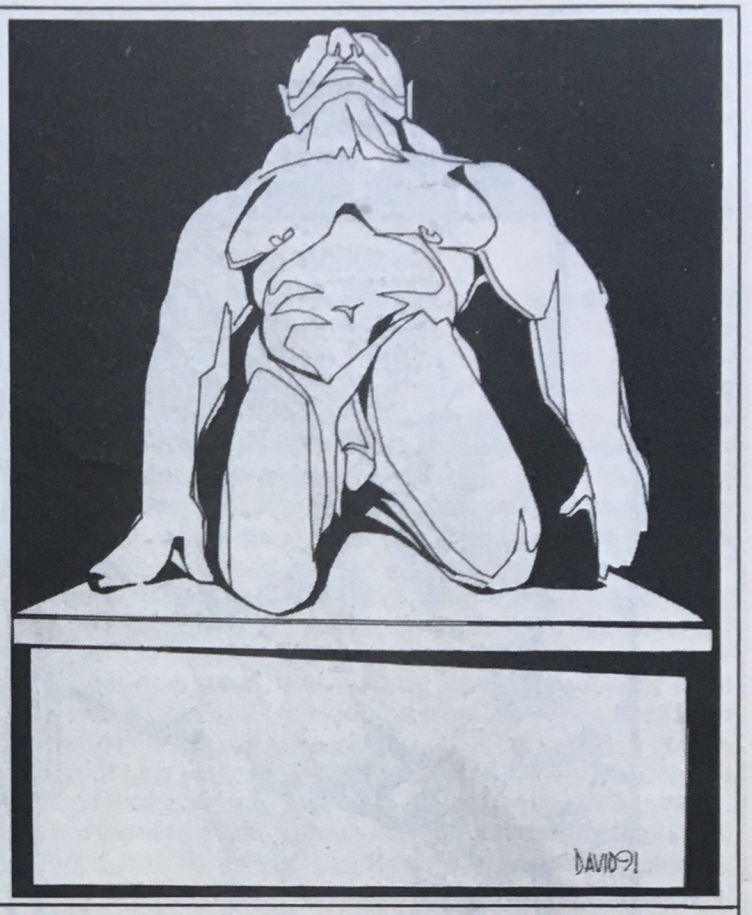
by QUETZAL

YESTERDAY AFTER PRACTICE, I CAME BACK TO TH' PHYS-ED OFFICE, & MY COLLEAGUE, BUDDY DIXON, WAS MAKIN' IT WITH THIS LITTLE SECRETARY FROM TH' PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE!
NO SHIT! THEY WERE NAKED AS JAYBIRDS, & LAYIN' RIGHT ON TOP O' BUDDY'S DESK, & HE WAS BANGIN' THE HELL OUTA THAT GAL. HAW!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THEY WERE SCREWIN' RIGHT HERE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT? THAT DIXON IS SOMETHIN' ELSE! AND, YA KNOW...
TH' GUY MUST HAVE THE FATTEST LI'L PECKER I EVER SEEN!
SHOWER
©QUETZAL 1991

QUETZAL, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and previous CR model) in West Hollywood. A cofounder of CR, he's one of our most prolific contributors.

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID

DAVID is 36, single and a native of Houston, Texas. Obviously, he finds older, muscular men interesting. He's looking to give up his 15-year career to do artwork full time.



PETER PANDA

Oceanside, 1992

photo by BEACH BUM

Paris, 1962

photo by La Reine Marie Antoinette

PETER PANDA has been with us since the very beginning and is an old friend. This man has been around the world so many times that he's an expert on geography. He's retired from the Foreign Service after posting to eight American Embassies for over 30 years and now lives near the beach in Oceanside, California. Since seeing BUZZ & CHET's "Then and Now" photos in a past issue, PETER thought he'd send us an indication of how he's weathered the years. I'm sure that all our readers will agree that he's just as handsome as ever.

POPEYER

photo by WOTAN

POPEYER is a 30-year-old San Diegan who is 5'-9", 145# and into nudism. He loves Black's Beach, music, bicycling, bowling, desert hikes and working out. He's interested in photo swap/letterwriting with men over 50 and under 200#. Bearded, hairy, balding are all better but not necessary.

(**FORUM** - Continued from page 8)

best (c'mon, guys, tell the truth). Hell no, I'm not feeling sorry for myself. I passed that phase a few decades ago. The point of this rambling is to relate to Omaha that although there may be hundreds of disabled (in one form or another) men who read these pages, rarely will you see photos of us. Put yourself in our place (difficult job, babe). Would you enjoy being photographed naked wearing braces, or as an amputee, or with MS, MD or any of a dozen or so very pronounced visually unappetizing maladies? I think not, pal. Instead, you might try reading the "personals" in a quality gay/bi sexual man's magazine such as this one for a reference to their disability. However, I myself would be very embarrassed to do even that. Rejection is a terrible feeling, especially to a guy like me. Better to go without, even though I am a pretty good-looking guy, who is hedonistic: 5'-11", 210 well-dispersed pounds, blue-eyed, auburn/grey-haired man who is interested in music, gardening, travel (yeah, travel!), and several other things. Wheelchaired, certainly. Inactive? Never! For those of us who are in this situation, unless "you're there," don't surmise. Most of us can overcome it mentally. But even that is a chore. Lonely? Perhaps, on occasion. Ignored? No, not unless we want to be. I was taken back by the intent in your letter. Clearly, you don't understand "the disabled man." Direct your pity to those who need it: the homeless, our government's misdirected policies, Dan Quayle, Bambi, the abused child, etc. And sexually? Yeah, son, we do have sex; **no! not in the fuckin' chair!** And we perform well. I certainly have no intention of discussing my sexual direction in these pages, either; although it does involve a 1971 Corvette, 4 cans of warm beer, a mauve afghan, Luciano Pavarotti humming "Hutsut Ralston on the Rilleraw," and the subtle scent of "Mark Cross." That is my business. Let the guy get to know me first. Bottom line, never assume. Get to know the subject matter, and, if you are indeed disabled or have a disability, get in a support group. Generally, they're great! (name withheld/ Florida)

Reading the above letter, I'm not sure which phrase applies: "I have put sex behind me . . . " or "Yeah, son, we do have sex . . . " In any event, lots of "disabled" men have sex, and I see nothing wrong with publishing a photo (clothed or otherwise) of a man in a wheelchair. I certainly wouldn't be turned off, and I'll bet a lot of readers wouldn't be either. When I lived in Chicago, two of my favorite lust-buddies were "disabled." One had shriveled, paralyzed legs (from polio) and the other had no legs (from diabetes). The one with no legs was the basis for a very important part of my novel, KNOWING SATURN. *PHC*

A RAY OF SUNSHINE

I spent last evening reading an old copy of your magazine. I couldn't put it down. There was so much love and caring pouring out of it. I have been alone and very lonely since diabetes and heart disease took my partner in 1978. I plunged into my work, making and taking opportunities for advancement. Since retiring in 1989, I find myself with few friends and no way of meeting other men (since I detest bars). I have been very down on myself, but you have aided my confidence and self-esteem. I am 62 and overweight (6', 215#), but through you, just maybe there is someone out there for me. You have opened a door, and I am stepping in. Maybe I will come out of my shell and answer an ad. Maybe I will even *place* an ad. Who knows? Thanks. SONOMA SUNSHINE

HEALTH

TREATMENTS THAT ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DISEASE

According to the controversial newsletter, HEALTH & HEALING MAGAZINE, most major surgical procedures are far more dangerous than the most dangerous drugs. HEALTH & HEALING's founder and publisher, Dr. Julian Whitaker, says that the drug approval procedure with the FDA requires about 12 years and costs on average about $231 million. On the other hand, new surgical procedures can be rushed into practice before any substantive studies are done at all. Dr. Whitaker gives some examples:

1. **Angiograms**. These are X-rays of the heart and arteries taken while a dye is injected from a catheter that has been threaded through a major artery (from the arm or leg) into the heart. "A million angiograms are done in this country every year," says Whitaker, "and 90% of them are unnecessary. Of those, between .1% and .5% result in the death of the patient. In other words, cardiologists are killing up to 4,500 patients a year with unnecessary angiograms." According to Whitaker, the angiogram is one of the most flawed tests used in modern medicine and virtually useless.

2. **Balloon Angioplasty** is a procedure whereby a balloon compresses fatty deposits inside the heart arteries to eliminate blockages. According to Whitaker, nearly 300,000 people have the $15,000 angioplasty procedure every year, generating a windfall of over $4 billion to hospitals and doctors every single year. He cites two problems: a) About 2 to 4 percent of all angioplasty patients die during the procedure or within a year afterwards. Of 20 million candidates for angioplasty alive today, as many as 800,000 people could eventually be killed, while only about 500,000 people die from heart attacks each year. b) There has never been a study that proves that angioplasty extends life expectancy. On the contrary, studies show that 35% of all blockages return within six months, and that angioplasty can actually create blockages by damaging arterial walls. Whitaker: "Imagine the FDA approving a drug that could kill 800,000 people and that had never proven to work. It would never happen! But that doesn't stop the medical industry. Balloon angioplasty is a sacred cow—at $4.5 billion a year, a sacred CASH cow!"

3. **Heart Bypass Surgery** re-routs blood flow around blocked arteries utilizing healthy arteries transplanted from elsewhere in the body. According to the RAND Corporation, as many as 44% of bypass patients do not need the operation and might be better off with a combination of drugs, diet and exercise. Whitaker: "Again, no study has ever shown that bypass patients enjoy a longer life expectancy. In fact, two big studies have proven that people who have bypass operations do NOT have longer life expectancy as a result. Sadly, about 5% of all bypass patients die as a result of the surgery—compared to a 1.9% annual death rate from the disease itself. In other words, over $10 million a day is spent on unnecessary heart bypass operations, which kill between 14,000 and 28,000 people every year."

Editor's Note: We remind our readers that the above information is controversial and based solely on the opinions of Dr. Whitaker. We feature it here only to remind you that there are diverse opinions within the medical community regarding the treatment of heart disease. We urge all of you to always get a second opinion (or even a third) prior to any invasive test or surgery and to explore the avenues of holistic medicine. But there is one bit of evidence that is not at all controversial: prevention is the most effective medicine. A good diet and regular exercise is your body's best defense against serious disease.

Since some of you will be visiting Spain this summer for the Olympics, and many of you are probably very much interested in eventually vacationing in Spain, we asked one of our very knowledgeable Spanish subscribers to give us some action information on his home city, Madrid. What we got back was much more than we had anticipated.

Spain's historical background is quite unusual. It is perhaps the most sexually open country in Europe and has been for quite some time. For 500 years, Spain was dominated by the Roman Empire, which was decadent and very open to any kind of sexual behavior. Following that was 700 years of Moresque dominance, when Spaniards were the richest and most developed artists and intellectuals in Europe (and of course, experts in all sexual activities). Then came 40 years of General Franco and the Catholic Church, which tried to close this pressure cooker of a country with no success at all. We had a very exciting gay life during those years.

And now the pressure cooker is wide open, and Madrid has probably become one of the most active gay cities in the world. But more interesting is that we have been taught by many years of experience to venerate older people and learn from their wisdom. Overweight people are not looked down upon either. On the contrary, plumpness signals a well-balanced way of living to some. Spain is a paradise for mature men who want to meet other men of any age, any size, any color. So, no matter who you are or how you look, you will be warmly accepted. Do not hesitate to be honest with your age and show your girth with pride. Bald is a plus, too.

MADRID - Places to go (24 hours a day)

9 am - 8 pm

Saunas Internacional I, II and III. There are three saunas in Madrid with this name in different areas of the city. Like any other saunas in the world for mature men. Nothing special, but friendly and busy. I (currently closed), Calle Olivar 1. II - Calle Altamirano 37. III - Calle Maestro Arbos 23.

Cinema Caretas ("The Cathedral") Calle Carretas 7. Go without any money, passport, or anything of value, but it is worth a visit. You can find there anyone from high government officials to the lowest hustler of the streets, but there are lots of action and fun. Sit any place until your eyes get used to the dark. In ten minutes, you can start moving around.

Subway. Use it wherever you go, especially lines 1 and 2. Going south, use the last entrance of the last car. Going north, use the first entrance of the first car. Leave your arms down and you will find interesting perspectives in the rush hours.

Puerta del Sol. This is the central spot in Madrid. Walk around, and in the neighborhood you will find a drink of some *tapas* in small bars like El Poso (Callejon del Pozo), El Rincón de Madrid (Callejon de Cadiz), La Bolsa (Calle La Bolsa), or Tony's (Calle Barcelona). After some beers you will probably need a pee at the department store "El Corte Ingles" (Calle Preciados - third floor). And after shopping, cinema, sauna and *tapas*, it is nearly 8 pm and time to go to the clubs.

8 pm - 9 am

Clubs. Visit them in this order and between the indicated hours.

8-11 DUMBARTON (Calle Zorrilla 7). Very popular and redecorated recently. A must.

11-12 EL 17 (Calle Recoletos 17). Camilo, the owner, is the friendliest guy in the world.

12-1 LA BUBU (Calle El Cid 1). Ask for Angel, the owner, a fantastic black Egyptian. He will take good care of you.

1-2 LE BILBOQUET (Calle Marques de Duero 8). Funny shows pretending to imitate famous Spanish singers.

2-3 LORD BYRON (Calle Recoletos 18). Sophisticated and nice. Many young people looking for Daddies.

3-5 DISCOTEQUE GRIFFINS (Calle Villalar 8). Modern music. Mature crowd.

5-6 LA CUEVA (Calle Villalar 1). The "best" member of each family visits here.

6-8 VALENTINO (Calle Villalar/Salustiano Olozaga). Probably you are hungry. Some food, but expensive. Sophisticated.

And back again to the subway to start again.

Of course this information is only to be used by mature people and their admirers. There are also places to go for youngsters, clones, etc., but I do not know too much about them. And I have been talking only about Madrid. But there are many other interesting cities in Spain to be visited: Valencia, Barcelona, Sitges, Benidorm, Torremolinos, Murcia, Alicante, Bilbao, Zaragoza, Canary Islands, etc.—all of them with their special characteristics and places to go. Come to Spain! You will enjoy it. This is THE place for mature men. We admire them! There is only one problem. We do not all speak English.

FELIX is a 48-year-old Spaniard who lives with his 60-year-old lover of more than ten years. If you are going to visit Spain and want more information fo any kind, do not hesitate to contact him through us.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FREE ASSISTANCE ADS FOR THE HOUSE-BOUND

Since we are impressed with what organizations like SAGE are trying to do for seniors in the gay and lesbian community, we thought that maybe we could help a little bit, too. Granted, we DO have a good reputation for getting people together for sexual, spiritual and intellectual bonding, but what about those disabled and/or ill senior men who cannot get around and must rely on the kindness of others? We've published some letters from readers who need that kind of help . . . and some of our more compassionate readers have responded. But these cases have been few. Surely there are many, many more out there who need help, and certainly there must be enough men like G.B./Santa Monica Area to make a difference. If you are in need of an occasional ride to the grocery store, pharmacist or doctor (or if you just need someone to talk to you and help you fill a void), fill out a personal ad form, *briefly* describing your condition and the help you require (you don't have to be a subscriber). Send no money, but mark at the bottom of the page: "FREE ASSISTANCE AD." We will then publish your complimentary ad in a separate section after PERSONAL ADS. If you want anonymity, we will assign you a special code number so we can forward mail to you.

For those of you who do not need this service but know of someone who does, please show them this announcement.

ANOTHER TRAGIC LOSS

CR model and advertiser SANDY from Portland passed away at the age of 54 in March. He had a history of heart disease. We were never fortunate to have met him, but we've heard that he was quite a wonderful, sweet man. He will be missed very much.

OUR BEST PLUG YET

Alternative "hairy porn" magazines sometimes deride the all-slick-color "hairless porn" magazines which airbrush their photos of shaved "clones." What they fail to tell you is that these so-called "clone" magazines are highly polished, editorially sound publications which happen to target the largest gay audience: young men who like other clean-looking young men. Some of them are a lot friendlier to us than the "hairy porn" magazines, most of which never print a kind word about us. *ALL MAN*, for instance, has recently published a second article about CR, complete with color photos of our December 91 front cover and inside back cover. Moreover, they gave us one hell of a nice write-up; they obviously understand and respect what we're trying to do. Thanks, *ALL MAN*! Now, if only The *New York Times* would do the same thing.

QUETZAL'S NEW "HAND JIVE COMIX" HAS ARRIVED!

QUETZAL fans will be delighted to know that he has hit the streets with his first adult comic book, called "SILVER BALLS," published by Hand Jive Comix. This first opus is 28 pages in length and nicely printed in black & white on 50# stock with a sturdy cover. Digest sized at 5-1/4 X 8-1/4, it's loaded with some really hot (too hot for CR) and humorous stuff. Vintage QUETZAL. See the ad in this issue.

MAYBE OUR TITLE ISN'T SO OBSCURE AFTER ALL

Son of Chiron is the nickname of a strange new object discovered in the orbital range of Saturn by astronomer David L. Rabinowitz. Scientists are stumped by it. Dubbed 1992 AD, it is about 200 kilometers in diameter and has an elliptical path which carries it between the orbits of Saturn and Neptune. It's color is redder than any known asteroid or comet. This is now the second large, asteroid-like object found in that part of the solar system. Astronomer Charles Kowal discovered the first, Chiron, in 1977. In 1987, Chiron swung closer to the sun and astonished scientists with a comet-like halo around its head, suggesting vaporizing surface ice. Astronomers admit that they have no idea about the origins of these two enigmas. (Thanks to M.S./Vallejo)

EIDOS MAGAZINE

I never thought I would be eagerly corresponding with a feminist, but I met one—a famous one at that—who shares many of my views on sexual freedom. Brenda Loew Tatelbaum is the publisher/editor for *EIDOS*, "America's foremost sexual freedom-erotic entertainment militant grassroots sex newspaper for cult, anarchist, free-thinking consenting adults of all orientations, preferences and lifestyles." Tatelbaum, a 38-year-old resident of Milton, Massachusetts, with a master's degree in linguistics, is an unassuming, remarkable woman who can hold her own with ANYONE on the TV talk show circuit. Tatelbaum says her publication, while serving to de-mystify sexuality, "provides *honest* erotica—mutually consenting activity between adults—as opposed to controlled power or domination by men over women. I consider erotica a celebration of sexuality, which is life-affirming. To deny the power of your erotic self is to deny this very strong force." *Comic Update* says: "God and Jerry Falwell will be sure to punish you for reading *EIDOS* if you peruse it after a heavy meal." And this from the Boston Globe: " . . . the most egregious answering machine in Boston . . . " A single copy of *EIDOS* is $10 (a 4-issue subscription is $30). For further information write: *EIDOS* MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 96, Boston, MA 02137-0096.

PERSONAL ADVERTISERS USING CODEWORDS

Because of the volume of paper work we're now faced with, we are currently two to three weeks behind in forwarding coded advertiser and model mail. With the addition of the free assistance ads, the situation will become worse. The process of cross-referencing names and addressing envelopes is very time-consuming and cannot be done by computer as we have it currently set up. We therefore ask that coded advertisers consider getting a post office or drop box and receiving their mail directly. Otherwise, our forwarding service will become unmanageable, and we may be forced to either raise the $5 service charge (to help pay someone else to handle it) or discontinue the use of advertiser codewords altogether. This will not, however, affect the codeword system for models or codenumber system for free assistance ads. They will continue.

ADONIS BBS

For those of you with computers and modems, you might want to try out a 24-hour-a-day BBS called "ADONIS," a very private, discreet and adult service. All members (many are mature) have their photos on line, and members can download these

"nonrestricted photos" to their PCs for viewing. Everyone is known by their aliases or handles. Real names are not used. ADONIS is the only BBS where you can cruise, meet and view your correspondent. It's the best safe sex around. For more information, contact: ADONIS BBS, P.O. Box 1685, West Palm Beach, FL 33402.

CONVERGENCE '92 - BIG BASH BY THE BAY

Well, those BIGMEN and their admirers are at it again! This time, the yearly bash is being hosted by Golden Gate Connection in San Francisco and has the potential for being the best Convergence ever. Starting on Friday, September 4, 1992, and ending on Monday, September 7th, the events will include cocktail parties, brunches, dinner-dances, dinner-cruises, and hospitality suites. Regular registration is $225 until June 30th. After July 1, late registration will be $250. The host hotel will be the Cathedral Hill Hotel at Van Ness and Geary. From California, call (800) 622-0855 or (415) 776-8200 for reservations. From elsewhere in the U.S., call (800) 227-4730. Mention Golden Gate Connection Convergence '92 for special rates ($100 per room per night for double occupancy, which includes taxes). For more information, write Golden Gate Connection, P.O. Box 2328, Daly City, CA 94017, or call Aaron at (415) 756-5365 between 9 am to 8 pm (PST ONLY).

THE VIP SITUATION

For those readers who aren't up-to-date, we began affixing the letter "V" on the address labels of those subscribers who've been with us a long time or have done some pretty noble things for other readers. Our intent was to somehow reward those subscribers, but we couldn't figure out just how it could be done equitably (some bookstore buyers and mail order customers have been with us for years, too). What concerned us was the diminishing amount of time we had to devote to the project and whether we could afford so many "rewards." We asked our readers what they thought, and 100% of the replies suggested we drop the plan—that our readers had already been rewarded enough. We will therefore continue to identify VIPs but will hold the rewards in abeyance, pending the outcome of our expansion. Suffice it to say that VIPs will eventually be rewarded in some way, whether through discounts, exemptions from further price increases, or perhaps a free ad or two. We'll let you know.

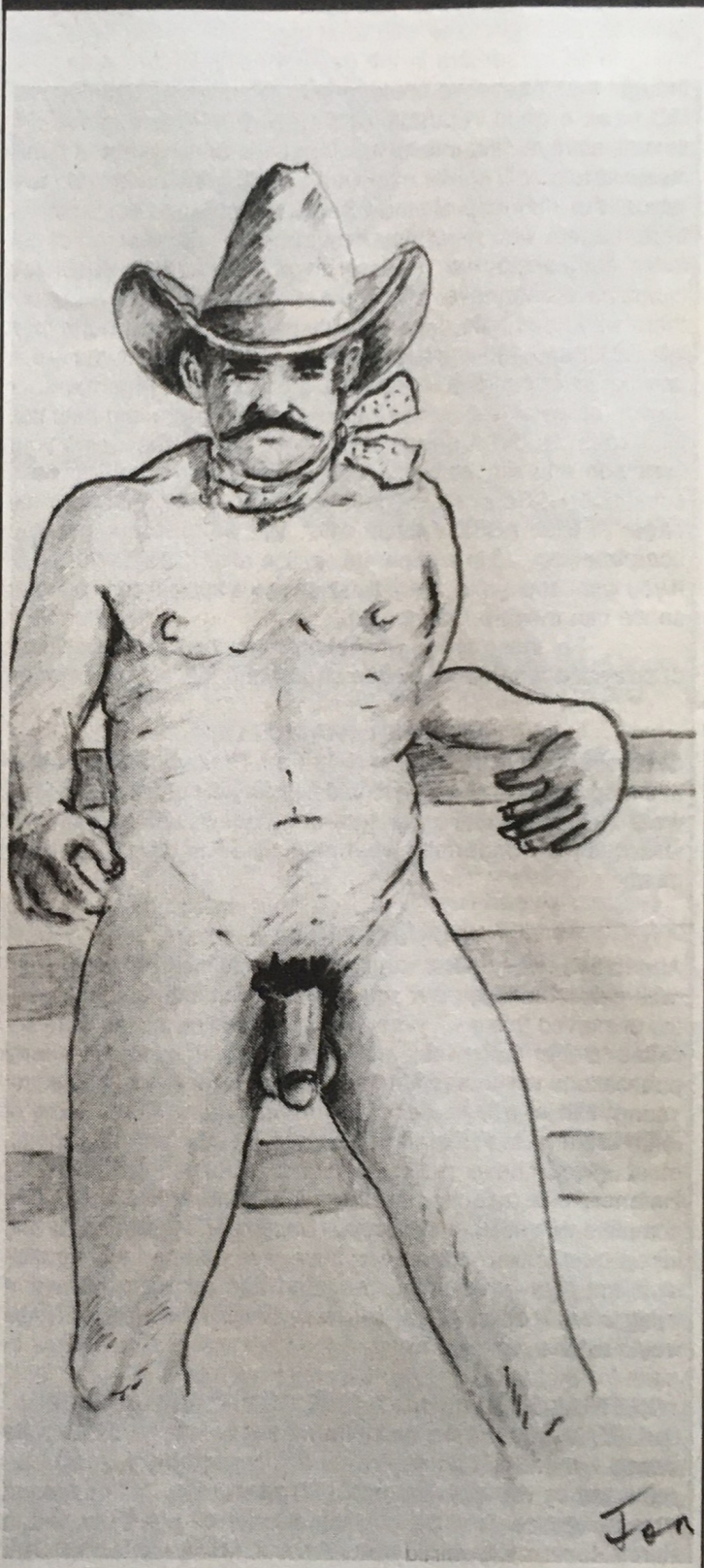
AND SPEAKING OF YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

We have to repeat this from time to time. The first set of numbers (10/92, 2/93, etc) signifies the last issue of your current subscription. If the date is followed by an "S", that means that your subscription includes the special issues. A "V" means that you are a VIP. An asterisk means that you owes us money. A "(C)" means that you have a credit due. Any other letters or symbols are internal stuff.

HOW TO BECOME A CR COVER MODEL

If you would like to be immortalized on the front, inside or back covers of CR, send us a 5 X 7 to 8 X 10 color photo, either clothed (for outside covers) or nude (for inside). Photos must be of superior quality and taken by either a professional or a highly talented amateur. We prefer not to blow up photos less than 5 X 7 unless they are exceptionally sharp. Nervous about being seen by about 200,000 people? Please believe us when we say that your chances of being seen by your Aunt Edna are infinitesimal compared to your chances of being seen by your future lover.

THE ARTWORK OF JON



JON is interested in all art subjects. He loves to receive and reply to all correspondence and meet like-minded where possible. JON is also a very popular English model.

PENILE PROSTHESIS SURGERY

REACTIONS AND REFLECTIONS

More True Experiences by FLORES

Editor's Note: In FLORES' article, DECISION (Issue #48), he told of his determination to go ahead and have done the penile prosthesis surgery. What follows is Part II: the events that took place after that decision was made.

The following is a chronology of my penile prosthesis operation and recovery:

Day before: Final pre-op examination. Last chance to discuss any other corrective or cosmetic penile surgery that could be done at the same time.

Day one: 0700 - checked into the hospital.

0900 - groin shaved and painted. I was given a mild sedative.

1000 - into operating theatre. I remember getting onto the table, having a few sensors attached, then oblivion.

1500 - awoke back in my room, attached to an IV. I had a groggy conversation with my surgeon.

1700 - had dinner. I was hungry. Shortly after, there was concern about urination because the urethra could have swollen shut. I finally urinated to everyone's delight. There was close but unobtrusive monitoring by the Sisters all night long.

Day two: Ambulatory. My groin was rather painful, and I requested medication. There was the normal apprehension about surgical damage to the penis. I had an intelligent conversation with the surgeon.

Day three: 0800 - surgeon removed the bandage. The poor little penis. There was some discoloration, considerable edema, and an interesting "Z" shaped incision. It was nice to see it upright again. I was told that I would be going home.

0900 - check out. I drove myself home and took it easy the balance of the day. Later I found it easier and less painful while on the pot to rest the penis on top of the toilet seat and urinate into a large paper cup. It removed the pressure, pain, and fear of doing damage to the incision by forcing the penis below the rim. Obviously, this was only an interim procedure until everything returned to normal. Luckily, I had pre-planned activities to cover a two to three week post-operative period to keep me active and mobile within the restrictions imposed by my surgeon. I'd also known that it would be advisable to have enough food and other necessities on hand to last a week or two, so as not to be forced to go shopping until I felt ready to do so.

Day four: Showered, but did not wash the penis. I just allowed the water to flow over it, then lightly patted it dry, minimizing penis movement. Bathing was not recommended. I discovered an unassailable excuse for an afternoon siesta. Medication was required close to midnight and again close to 0600. So to comply, an afternoon nap was in order. Who dares argue with the doctor?

Day five: Observed that I had gained seven pounds while in the hospital for fifty hours. It was probably IV retention. (Today I am now free of five of those pounds.) Urination presented no problems; no pain, no slowness in starting, and no apparent decrease in volume flow was detected.

Day six: Started a delightful erotic dream that was abruptly terminated. Apparently the pressure of my hand caused some pain. No damage, but damnit! Moral: Don't dream. I began having problems trying to find a comfortable support to relieve leg chaffing, fabric and seam pressure on the penis, and downward pressure of the fabric and waistband on the head. The entire penis, especially the head (lack of a foreskin cover?) was quite sensitive. Nothing intolerable, but annoying.

Day seven: Into town for groceries. I felt self-conscious in public of the "bulge" (my imagination), therefore I wore a long jacket partially zipped up.

Day eight: Once in a while a sitting position would be uncomfortable, but it was transitory as the body and prosthesis became used to each other. I started using baby powder to relieve the chaffing, but kept it away from the incision area. There was also irritation of the incision by outgrowing, bristling hair, which was easily controlled by a large cover sponge loosely taped around the penis. It might not be polite, but I found that while watching television, if the shorts were lowered so that the penis was gently resting on the waistband, I got a most welcomed relief from the pressure of the fabric. I felt no strain, and there was, of course, little penis movement. I found almost no need for pain medication over the previous day or two. It was still hurting, but it was certainly tolerable, and to a large extent, I forgot about the prosthesis.

Day thirteen: The foreign feeling disappeared during the morning. I came in for lunch and while eating, I realized that I had sat down and was not sitting like an invalid.

Day fourteen: First post-operative examination. My doctor was quite pleased with the progress. Increased activity was permitted with the proviso of no undue strain and to back off at the first indication of pain.

Day nineteen: The exterior sensitivity of the penis was largely gone. The head—especially the base—was still a trifle annoying, however. No longer was the chaffing or the tightness of the shorts bothering me, other than the slight pain of the downward pressure on the head. With that problem ended, I did not have the acute awareness of the prosthesis . . . except for the obvious, naturally.

Day twenty-one: The incision was now nicely healed, but some discoloration remained. I continued to wear a sponge for a while longer because the hairs were still bristly. I noticed I was not able to eject all the urine, that a little bit dribbled out after urination. I subsequently confirmed through the surgeon that it was a natural result of the surgery. Semen would act the same. It would be something to accept and live with and would certainly not be anything to get upset about.

Day twenty-eight: Final post-operative examination. I was told to return in four months for a follow-up. Good show, old boy. Once again, a normal male!

Day twenty-nine: Started carrying the penis down one leg. There was no problem, and everything felt quite comfortable. It wasn't as long or as hard as it once was, but it was damned nice. It was a marvellous feeling to have once again. It was something to grab hold of and to realize that when desire and opportunity coincided, you could bloody well take care of the situation.

Follow-up, fifteen months later: The situation could have been stated succinctly as "What operation?"

Obviously I am aware of the operation several times during the day, but it is with a pleased, satisfied feeling. There

is a small scar, but even I have difficulty finding it. I sleep in the nude and go about the daily business without thinking of or being aware of the prosthesis.

I've only encountered one problem and that is wearing briefs of any description for any length of time. The fabric tends to slide down onto the head, exerting pressure, or else, not being tight enough, the penis will move to extend straight out and the fabric pressure creates a slight pain. I solved it by either wearing boxer shorts or nothing under the trousers. I have no idea how one would overcome this if a supporter was required for sports participation.

My feeling now is as it was over a year ago: damn nice. And why did I hesitate so long?

There are two very minor and rather humorous problems. A stranger seeing the outline might think I am really endowed (sorry, damnit). Or, upon seeing it exposed, someone might think I am ready for a romp. Again, sorry, tain't necessarily so.

FLORES is single, 64, retired, and resides in the San Francisco area wine country. He muddles along in horticulture under the surveillance of a 100 pound puppy and a 15 pound kitten.

THE QUATRAINS OF RANDY DIX

1

We were nearing the brink when he asked, "Howdya think
You'd like to cum this time my friend?"
I said then, "Let's wait, unless it's too late
Then go route 69 to the end!"

2

He said with a smile, "In a very short while
You'll see a most handsome erection."
I answered, "Why wait? If you've got the bait
Just cast it in my general direction!"

3

Your wrists seem to be in good working condition;
They're limber and so very strong!
Is it possibly due to your daily rendition
Of flailing your very stiff dong?

4

Good judgment prevailed! Before he was nailed
The "bottom" said, "Sir, if you please,
With every intrusion there's always contusion . . .
condom first and THEN on our knees!"

5

Let me put a lip-lock on your beautiful stiff cock
And then throw the key far away!
How long would we last 'til the fervor had passed
And would we automatically be gay?

6

When we plan to spend some time in the park
We try to remember field glasses;
You never can tell when you might spot a lark
Or some jeans filled with mighty fine asses!

RANDY brings a good balance to the open relationship he has with his suave, debonair house mate in Iowa. Both are 60 and enjoy meeting kindred spirits. In additional to quatrains, RANDY also does some scorching limericks and poetry.

ANONYMOUS POETRY

A TIME TO RISK

To laugh is to risk appearing the
fool,
To weep is to risk appearing
sentimental,
To reach out for another is to risk
involvement.

To expose feelings is to risk
exposing your true self,
To place your ideas, your dreams
before the crowd is to risk loss,
To love is to risk not being loved.

To live is to risk dying,
To hope is to risk despair,
To try at all is to risk failure.

But risk we must—
Because the greatest hazard to life
is to risk nothing.
The man who risks nothing—
does nothing
has nothing
is nothing.

He may avoid suffering . . . but he
simply cannot learn, feel,
change, grow, love, live.
Chained by his attitudes, he is a
slave; he has forfeited freedom.
Only the person who risks can be
called a free man.

Author Unknown

Shared by **THE COLONEL**

HOW THEY LOOK WITH THEIR WORK CLOTHES ON

DOUGHBOY, left, and **INDIANA HOOSIER** were nude models in previous issues, so we though you'd enjoy seeing them as the world usually sees them: in their work clothes.

PHOTO BY DFW

PHOTO BY R.D.

DOUGHBOY is a part-time model, educator, genuine tourist, food slave, opera nut and devotee of the ridiculous. He's single and lives in North Texas.

INDIANA HOOSIER, at 49, 5'-9" and 180#, enjoys the company of uncut, white-haired, older men. He lives alone and would like a permanent relationship with the right man. Yes, he resides in Indiana, not far from Indianapolis.

THE ARTWORK OF BILL THREE

BILL THREE is half of a dynamic artistic duo. Burly in a wiry sort of way, this rugged, sexy-looking Mr. Can-Do just started doing erotic drawings recently. Surprise! According to his life-mate, he also gives a mean massage. He lives in Los Angeles with his partner of 26 years.

RAY T.

photo by JOEL

RAY T. is a versatile Daddy, 46, who is into bear types. He likes some S & M and delights in living in the nude. He lives in Idaho, from where so many of our models hail.

HANSRUDOLF

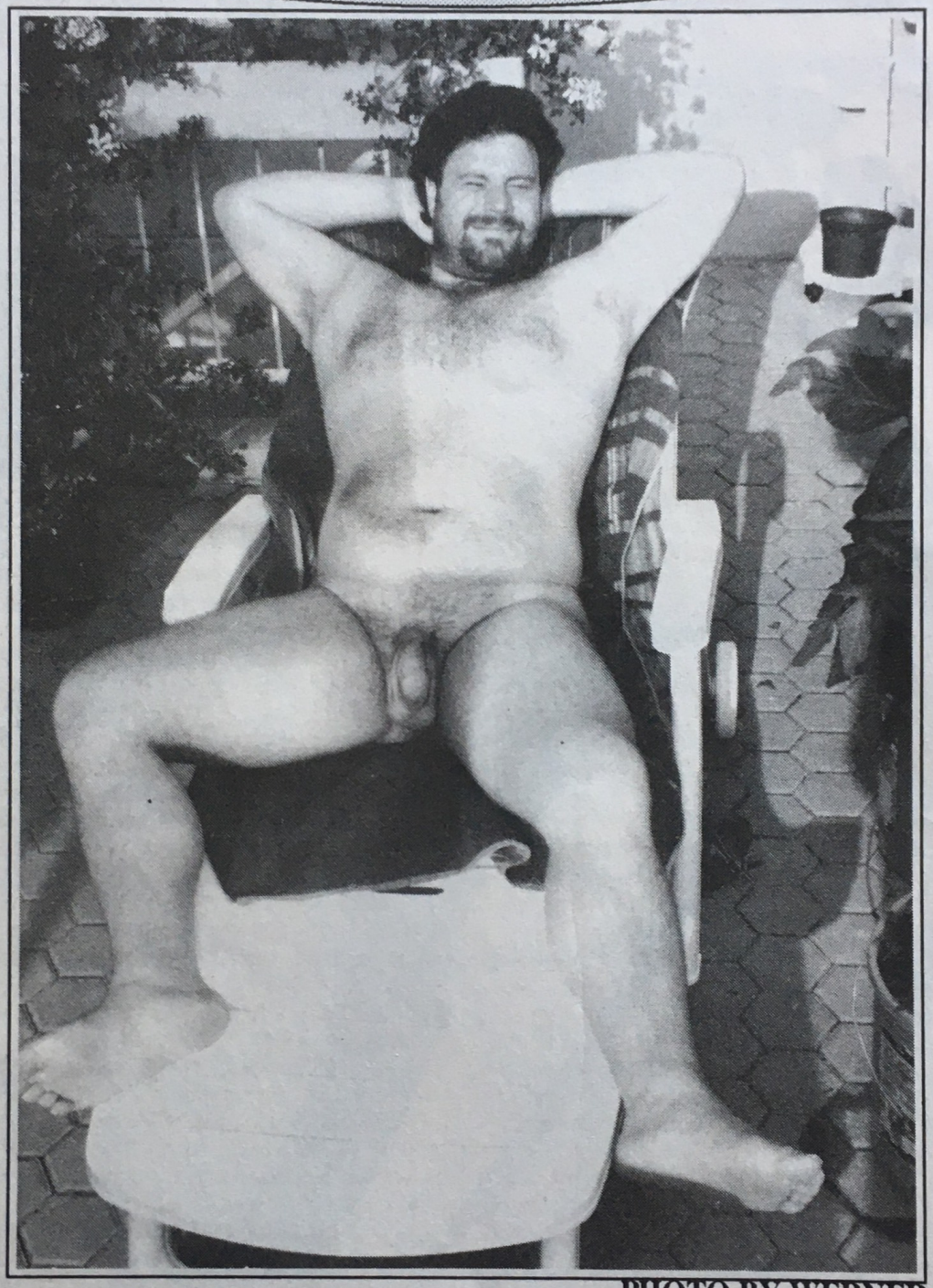


PHOTO BY WERNER

Another remarkable Swiss, this handsome young man lives with his older life-mate in northern Switzerland. These men travel extensively and are always looking forward to meeting new friends to show about their beautiful country.

UNCLE CHARLIE
fiction by FUZZTONE

We called him Uncle Charlie, though he was nobody's uncle, really—at least not to anybody in the group. Nobody knew him very well. He was funny, always ready with some quick wit, quoting Beatles songs like Shakespearian poetry or doing impressions. Terry, who was always something of a wet blanket, thought of Uncle Charlie as a drunk and, sometimes, a nuisance. I will admit that Charlie sometimes imposed, but in a way I felt sorry for him. He would show up and hang around for a while, or call and talk for an hour about—God, everything under the sun. It seemed there was nothing he couldn't make some kind of comment about, and he was usually right. Once, he showed up for one of our occasional Trivial Pursuit marathons and won nearly every game we played that weekend.

I first met Uncle Charlie one snowy winter night when I walked into Walt's, the pizza and beer place the group called home and meeting place. Most of my friends were already there, sharing a couple of stuffed gonzos and a few pitchers of brew. I joined in. We were talking about the summer and about the softball group we were going to get up. Walt would be our sponsor. The big question was that of who would be the coach. Sure, we could all play, but who among us was qualified to run the thing? Paul, who was tall and blond, his hair shaggy and eyes a deep, oceanic blue, proclaimed Walt the overseer and initiated a toast. We stood, glasses high, and chanted, "Walt! Walt! Walt!" until the short, balding owner of the pizza joint ambled out from the kitchen and amiably told us to stop or he'd have to make us pay. We paid anyway (we always did), but it was good for a laugh, and that was when Uncle Charlie entered our lives.

I hadn't noticed him until then, but he had been sitting in a booth near our raucous table, drinking a beer and watching us, I guess. But he got up and walked over, wearing a big overcoat. I remember being very attracted to him, even from the start. He was a big man, about six feet tall and heavy, a large belly hanging over his belt. He had long, thick, shaggy black hair and a very full, beautiful black beard with a few flecks of grey. The whiskers on his chin were totally white, though, giving him a strange appearance. He had pale, pale blue eyes, a wide, friendly grin and a red face. He won us over with his charm and funny lines and soon he was sitting with us, across from me, and I was the first to give him a phone number.

It took awhile for Uncle Charlie to become part of the group. Simon had dubbed him Uncle after Charlie had a desperate panic. A few months after our first meeting, Charlie called me up. He had been thrown out of his flat, his landlord refusing to believe that the girl he had staying with him for a week or so was his niece. I put him up for a week before he found another place, and in that week I hardly saw him. I assumed that he was at work, and I had my own life to lead, besides. Though it was a challenge to try to catch him around in various stages of undress, I found the man extremely attractive and did see him shirtless while he stayed with me. He was covered with a fine pelt of black fur that was already solid grey in a dense patch in the middle of his chest. I wanted so much to bury my face there. He had a small tattoo of a teddy bear with a banner underneath and a name I never quite managed to make out. I thought at various times it said Martin, or Maryann, or Marylin. I could never tell.

One summer, after knowing him for two years, I finally saw deep inside Uncle Charlie. It was softball time, and Walt's Wunderkinds were, as usual, having a mixed season. Uncle Charlie was pretty much our coach, not having been elected as much as accepted as such. He started off giving advice, claiming to have once been a high school gym teacher, and it sort of took off from there.

We played a fairly stunning game against a team sponsored by a local radio station and won by a fair margin. I was outfield and caught a pop fly; I batted well, scoring two runs and three RBIs. I enjoyed it. It was really the only exercise I got, unless you count running your fingers across a computer keyboard for eight hours a day. (I do have fairly nimble finger, though). We were playing at a field run by the city, replete with locker room and showers. Though we rarely used them, I and a few other guys in the group liked to shower right away. On this occasion, we held a small party at the park. The season before, the radio station team had kicked our asses, and we especially celebrated this victory. I noticed early that Uncle Charlie had disappeared, and I thought it strange. But I figured he could take care of himself. I assumed that he had to run an errand.

When the party split up, we all agreed to meet later at Walt's, and I headed off alone to use the park's showers, toting my gym bag with me. I showered, thinking about Charlie, and was surprised to see him sitting on a bench in the small, cramped locker room, drinking a beer. I'd noticed when Charlie stayed with me earlier that he drank a lot, and at the time I tried in vain to talk to him. I knew then that he would have to learn for himself. He didn't drive, which, I supposed, was good in this case.

I towelled off. He had his back to me, and I was in a pair of nylon coach-style shorts before he turned around. He looked deeply troubled. I sat across from him, brushed my hair and put on my shoes.

"Your face is scraping the concrete, Chuck," I said. "Need a shoulder?"

He shrugged, finished the beer and set the can aside. I looked at him. He seemed like a man who had just realized he had lost everything. He still wore what he called his "coach gear": shorts similar to my own, sneakers, a T-shirt and baseball cap. He looked over at me and smiled weakly. Did he have tears in his eyes?

"I don't think you understand," he finally said.

"You might be surprised." I stood up and found my T-shirt that read in medium-sized black letters: "EVERYBODY'S GOT SOMETHING TO HIDE EXCEPT FOR ME AND MY MONKEY." I'd had it made after the first softball season. The song had been a favorite to quote of Charlie's that summer. He'd shout it out whenever one of us made a run. Nobody quite knew why.

He sighed. "I doubt it."

"Look, Charlie—"

"That's not even my name, Gary." He ran a hand through his beard, and I peered at him doubtfully. Was he just

drunk? Somehow, I didn't think so.

"Well, whoever you are," I said, "this locker room stinks like the Yankees' and I want to get out of it. Join me?" I stood up as if to make for the door. Charlie, or whoever, just sat there and shook his head. "Look, what is it? Talk to me! For Christ's sake, you usually never seem to shut up. Now I can't get two lines of 'Bungalow Bill' out of you."

He chuckled darkly, sang off-key and without much feeling: "Hey, Bungalow Bill . . . what did you kill?"

"I'm serious, Chuck . . . or whoever you are."

He looked up at me. I saw deep seriousness in his eyes and sat next to him on the bench.

"Casey."

"What?"

"My real name is Casey."

"That notion just crossed my mind," I quipped, but shut up fast.

"Casey Baker."

I put a hand on his shoulder. "So why did you tell us it was Charlie?"

He seemed to tense, to consider his words carefully. "I've had a lot of problems. I guess I didn't want any of you to know about them. You're all so vibrant, so young, and alive. Gary, when I saw all of you that night at Walt's, I saw myself when I was your age, and I wanted so much to be a part of it. To start over."

"So the past two years have been just a big middle-age crisis?"

He pulled away, stood up and walked to a locker. It had a strip of masking tape with the name 'PETERSEN' scrawled on it in pencil. "I used to be a gym teacher for real . . . in Texas. That was probably about a million years ago." He looked back at me. "Today I saw someone in the crowd I thought I would never see again."

"Ex-wife?" I asked lightly, testing.

He laughed then, for real this time. "Not quite. I've never been married." He sat back on the bench and put his big hands on my shoulders. "Gary, I feel like I can confide in you. Over all the others, I think you're the only one who truly likes me."

"That's not true—"

"Regardless," he said, pulling away again and looking at me dead on. I became very concerned then. "I had to stop teaching about five years ago." As he spoke, Charlie—Casey—paused from time to time to gather his words and, I guess, his courage. "I had this student. His name was Mitchell. Mitchell Tucker. Mitch was on the school's baseball team, which I coached, as well as in my gym class after lunch. Mitch and I had a very special relationship. He was a senior, but not quite eighteen, and one night after baseball practice Mitch had . . . come on to me, I guess is really the only way to put it.

"I refused, of course. I mean, I couldn't go through with it. This was like pointing a loaded gun at your head and having a nervous trigger finger. Sooner or later, you'd twitch one real good and blow your brains out the back of your head." He swallowed. "But, over time, before Christmas, I gave in, and one night we consummated our rather bizarre look-but-no-touch relationship. I had him at my house. He was a very attractive kid. He looked very much older, like twenty or so, very masculine and already sporting a moustache. I can't lie and say I hadn't had my fantasies. But . . . not even eighteen! Jesus! I was such an idiot, Gary!"

I did something I'd wanted to do for two years. I put a hand to his face, put my fingers in his beard and smiled. "You got caught."

He let out a tearful, coughing laugh. "His parents came to my house one night. They had little notes that Mitch and I'd sent back and forth and some porn magazines they accused me of giving him. Of course, that was pure bull shit. They told me that, if I gave up teaching and moved far away from their cozy little town in Texas and never spoke to their son again . . . then they wouldn't go to the police." He shook his head sadly, reliving the experience. "They were very upset, but they said they understood that I was 'ill' and needed 'help' and 'guidance.' They even gave me a Bible and urged me to find 'a place in my heart for Jesus.'" His crossed his arms and sighed. "I had no alternative but to resign and leave."

"The kid was here today, wasn't he?" I asked.

"Yeah. Mitch was here. We went and talked after the game. He told me what really happened . . . or, at least what he wanted me to believe had happened. He said that this other kid at school had caught on to what was going on and told his parents, who were friends with Mitch's parents. Mitch said that his parents ultimately forced a confession out of him. He said he was sorry for what happened and that he still loved me."

"So what did you do?"

He shrugged. "I told him to fuck himself."

"What?"

"Too much water under the bridge. Life goes on. I lost my career. I lost everything. I moved about a billion times between then and now. I suppose if I hadn't run into you guys at Walt's, I would've kept going."

"Like Bill Bixby."

He looked at me, confused.

"You know. 'The Incredible Hulk.'"

"Oh." He laughed.

I didn't pull my hand away. He didn't take it away. We sat like that for a while, then I said, "I don't know if you're prepared for this . . . after all you just told me . . . . But now that I know—if you get my drift—I want you to know that I've been attracted to you since we first met."

He was silent for a bit, then squeezed my hand. "For a long time, Gary, I shut that part of me away. I thought for years that it was dangerous. I've been alone for a long time. It wasn't until I met you and had my niece from Wisconsin over to visit that I began to warm up to being a whole man again. It's taken this long to get this far." He looked like somebody who had been given another turn at bat. "I feel the same way about you."

I pulled him closer, and we embraced there on the bench. I breathed deeply, relishing the way he smelled. When we kissed and our tongues met, I think he finally came full circle, erasing the mistake of his past.

"Casey," I said when we pulled apart. "Let's go. Somehow I don't think either one of us need to get arrested for indecency."

He nodded. "Well, if we were, at least this time it would be worth it."

I pulled him closer to me and felt his close breathing.

FUZZTONE does it all. He's an excellent artist, a poet of distinction and, as you can see above, one hell of a fiction writer. A 25-year-old, 5'-10", 270# bearcub with a reddish-brown beard, he's looking for brother and papa bears for warm friendships and affection.

HOW TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

CHIRON RISING seeks material that appeals to mature men and their admirers, especially those works which hold our seniors in a positive light. Your creations may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Short stories. We seek fine fiction that appeals to the mind and spirit as well as the gonads. Manuscripts must be less than 14 double-spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration. Please, no standard porn.

—Fine original drawings no larger than 8 X 10. Should have artistic merit and must not depict penetration or ejaculation.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to our target audience— same as short stories, except limited to 4 or 5 double-spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, nude or otherwise, undisguised, with good contrast and clarity. No sex shots.

Note: All subjects depicted in print, artwork or photography must be over 18 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia will not be considered. All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. We will send you a release form if your material is accepted for publication. Payment will be made in copies, subscriptions, special issues or cash, as agreed to.

TIPS ON BECOMING A CHIRON RISING MODEL

If you want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots taken in bright sunlight with deep shadows, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

Too shy to become a CR model? Did you know that, on average, our models receive 20 times the letters that personal advertisers do?

PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS

FRONT COVER: **ZIPPER** is probably the most recognizable of all our models. Through CR, he has appeared in magazines all over the world, and many say that he was the outstanding star of P.R. Simon's classic video, "DADDY FOR DESSERT." He was even offered (and turned down) a small role in a major movie as a result of his performance in "DADDY." ZIPPER lives with his life-mate, NIPPER, in the Palm Springs area.

PAGE 2: **BIG PAW** is yet another magnificent discovery by super photographer, JOEL. Currently living in Southern California with his partner of 45 years, he enjoys his frequent travels to the High Desert, gardening, good food, the company of good friends, and new acquaintances.

PAGE 27: **COLORADO HUSKY** is a rather unusual young man who told a lot about himself in his letter published in the #48 FORUM. He's 5'-11", 34 and looking for a special silver-haired man. **JOHN BEAR** is a 54-year-old Italian who has lived in San Francisco since 1981. He's out there looking for BIG MEN, 30-50. All letters with a PHOTO will be answered. **H.J.** is a non-smoker, non-drinker, 55, 5'-10", 150# professional living alone in MD. He's looking for dates with similarly mature men, 40+. **HUGH** is a handsome 59-year-old blind Kentuckian who seeks pen pals by means of mail (he has a reader) or cassette tapes. You want sincerity and honesty? This man has it in abundance! **BOY BEAR** is 35, single and lives in the Washington, DC area. He loves broad-shouldered, burly, sensual papa bears who are covered with fur. He would surely love to meet his special dad through CR. **NACHO** is a 35-year-old business consultant from Switzerland. He's single and enjoys meeting mature men, 50+. If you plan to go to Europe, send him a note. He might show you more about Switzerland than you can imagine.

PAGE 28: **LONE WOLF** is on the road again! This 40-year-old, 6'-3", 250# cross-country trucker has a home base in Southern California, but he can meet older, masculine men just about anywhere. Photo and phone a MUST. **BRAD** is 31, 6'-5", 205#, and self-employed. This Long Beach resident seeks older, stocky men like ZIPPER, MACK, PAPA BEAR for friendship and more. Oklahoman **CRAIG** is 33, single and enjoys sports, travel and the outdoors. He likes in-shape, masculine men, 50-60, with moustaches. **PAUL** is a 35-year-old, 150# Texan. He enjoys duplicate Bridge, gardening, the outdoors, and meeting mature men, 55+.

PAGE 29: **SILVER MINK** is 59, 6'-2", 170#, semi-retired and lives in San Francisco. He enjoys the arts, theatre, cards, travel and the outdoors. **TUCK** is a single landscaper and enjoys the company of hairy, uncut, older men. He also enjoys his outdoor Idaho surroundings. **FLORIDA DON** is the live-in companion of an 85-year-old friend. They plan to visit TN, OH and NC this summer. Don enjoys travel, videos, cooking and dining out.

(Continued on page 47)

S A M S O N and H O M A N

Japan's celebrated magazines are now available to the rest of the world. Excellent color photography and artwork for connoisseurs of Japanese men. **SAMSON** (all ages and sizes): In Japanese, 275 pages. Published monthly. For our current issue, send 2,000 Y (Japanese Yen) or U.S. $17. Payment for one issue must be in cash only. For a 6 month subscription (6 issues), send 13,500 Y in bank transfer of money order. For a 12 months subscription (12 issues, plus 1 free), send 24,000 Y in bank transfer or money order. Payee should read KAIMEI-KAN. All prices include air mail postage. Cash should be sent well disguised via registered mail. Send payment, along with name and address to: KAIMEI-KAN, Overseas Division, P.O. Box 66, Ueno Post Office,Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91. **HOMAN** (older and heavier): In Japanese, 132 pages. Published 3 or 4 times a year and available by single copy only. Send 3,000 Japanese Yen or U.S. $23 (cash only) to: KOFU-SHA, P.O. Box 133, Ueno Post Office, Taito-ku, Tokyo, JAPAN 110-91.

OLD SOLDIER'S HOME

fiction by RICHARD POWER

The face was so close that Ben couldn't really see it. He knew it had a neatly trimmed moustache cut primly at the point where upper and lower lips joined. The smiling, full lips were only inches from his own. The short-cropped hair peeking out from under an infantry fatigue cap betrayed a little gray flecked among the auburn hair. The lustrous red-brown skin of a man who spent many hours a day in the sun glistened with a hazy coat of worked-up sweat . . . and the smile grew broader. It was the eyes that compelled Ben's own. He could only fall into the gray-blue electricity of those eyes, the pupils of which were dark pathways into the soul of this man whose name Ben did not know.

As Ben slept, only his darkened walls and bedroom furniture heard the words he spoke so clearly in his sleep:

"All the grains of sand have passed . . . and time has forgotten the way . . . to guide those eyes to me at last . . . so we may together lay."

And, as always, when some level of consciousness in sleep told Ben to awaken and copy the phantom words, he flew from the bed in sweaty panic; by the time his feet had touched the lonely throw rug by the left side of his bed, the words were gone. Only the eyes remained. Those blue eyes . . . those eyes.

He looked at his clock radio resting on the small stand next to his bed. The bright red numbers announced 6:18 a.m. in annoying boldness. Next to the clock he could make out the outline of a small magazine he had been glancing through the night before. One of the many skin books available at the porn shops, it bore a picture inside of a nice, bulky, reddish-brown-haired man with fur all over and a dick the size of a railroad tie. Ben turned on the light next to the clock radio, and the meager light allowed him to fantasize the face of his dreams over the youthful dimples dominating the magazine's model. He lay back and started stretching his own cock to harden it. He wasn't very big himself, but it was a handful. He didn't jack off by just holding it in his hand and jacking up and down. He had learned a method in the Orient, using thumb and forefinger to stroke the foreskin over the head in circling motions and applying pressure at certain places on the head and underneath. Much practice had brought this process to near perfection. He massaged in a steady tempo as he contemplated the page and the imaginary face. Soon enough, he was engrossed in his own fantasy, and the magazine was an encumbrance that fell to the floor. Faster and faster, firmer and firmer, his breath caught again and again until he fairly splashed all over the quilt. He wiped himself with a handy towel and threw the quilt into the laundry bin.

He looked at the magazine with a mixture of disdain and wonder. The disdain was for himself for using such a useless tool to accomplish . . . he didn't know what exactly. The wonder was his also, for he couldn't imagine for the life of himself why the hell he'd spent nearly seven bucks on that shit.

Ben, old man, you're getting pretty hard up. But you shouldn't be. You're 45 years old, decent looking, in better shape than most guys your age, smart, well-employed, talented, and a very decent man. So, you find yourself alone and like it less and less and figure the best you can do is to fall in love with your own right hand. He sighed. *Even jacking off doesn't do any good any more.*

Ben sat there with his weary dick hanging down under his pajamas after making a mess of his bed. He wasn't horny, he was lonely. He didn't want sex, he wanted someone for keeps.

But he lived in Burlington, Wisconsin, where he taught school. He wasn't the only gay man in town, but it was like being one of the ballerinas in Boise. At its best, it wasn't the Mesopotamia of the North American continent. Sure, he had fuck-buddies. *These goddamn farmers get more fucking action than a whore in a prison yard.* Ben had some regulars that he could almost set his watch by. Just sex. *It sure ain't love.*

How do you connect with someone out here in the boonies? It's one thing to go out on weekends to Milwaukee, but it's different trying to meet someone to settle down with. The bars are full of . . . I don't know, not my types, that's for sure.

Ben moved to the living room during all this contemplation. He went over and picked up the mail he left on the side table by his easy chair and began to go through it. Junk. Junk. *Manhunt Magazine.* He had subscribed to the magazine on a hot summer day when he'd had more money than self-control and was very short on affection. This was the third issue, the October issue. Well, he'd go through it. Previous editions had been a chicken-chaser's dream come true. Nothing that Ben liked. As a middle-aged man in his forties, he preferred other middle-aged guys to sixty or so. He was lucky that he didn't like the young stuff, he reasoned. A couple of his friends were into chicken and all they got was anguish over having the hots for some sweet young thing. They occasionally got a young piece of tail, but later got the brushoff. *No thanks.*

He settled into the chair and tore open the brown envelope. Perusing the cover, he saw yet another sweet-faced, blond little ditz who had more cock than brains. *I don't know, I must be from another planet or something. I don't see anything in guys like this, and I don't know why someone would. Well, I suppose. Be fair. My friend Jerry can't see what I like about guys over thirty.* He began leafing through the magazine with one glossy photo after another. *Boring!* He went through the ads with pictures first and found only one man that he found attractive. The man was a roughly handsome-looking man with white hair and a white moustache. He had a cute, slanted smile, electric blue eyes that made you conjure poetry, and liked guys under 30. *Ugh!*

Going on to look through the blind ads, Ben noted that each was like the previous one: cute young things looking for other cute young things. *Boy, this was the wrong magazine to subscribe to.* The few times he did come across ads from older guys, they were into some sort of kinky shit or some kind of youth search. One guy from Montana really struck a note:

"GWM, 58, 5'-7", 175 well-built pounds, 8" thick cock, gray/blond hair, moustache and beard (salt and pepper), into travel, gym workouts, easy love-making and quiet times. Looking for guy 18-30 with similar interests. Write Montana Papa, P.O. Box 349, Snakelips, Montana 65432. Pic please."

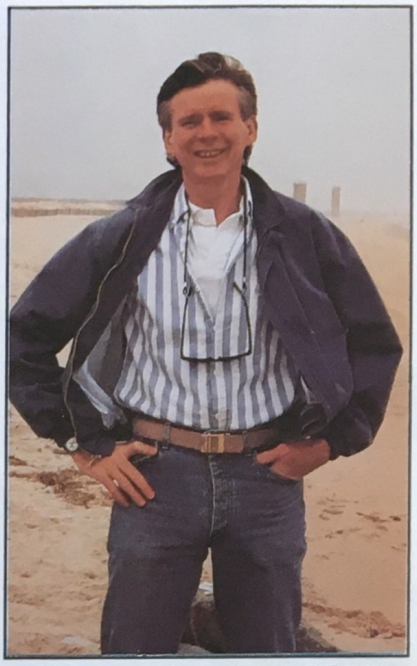
Oh, sure, another chicken lover. Balls. I swear I could do better out of the Milwaukee Journal. Ben continued to cruise through the ads: Wisconsin, Wyoming, Nationwide, and so on. Finally, out of desperation, he began looking at the foreign ads. Australia (too far!), Belgium (too thin!), France (too much!), Germany . . . *hello!* Here was an unexpected little note:

"55-year-old, soon to be civilian American soldier. New

(Continued on page 31)

COLORADO HUSKY
photo by ROBINSON

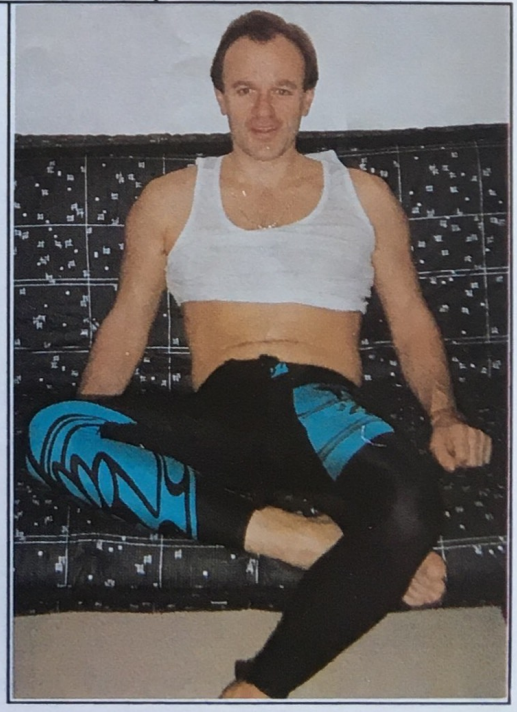
JOHN BEAR . . . photo by BOSCO



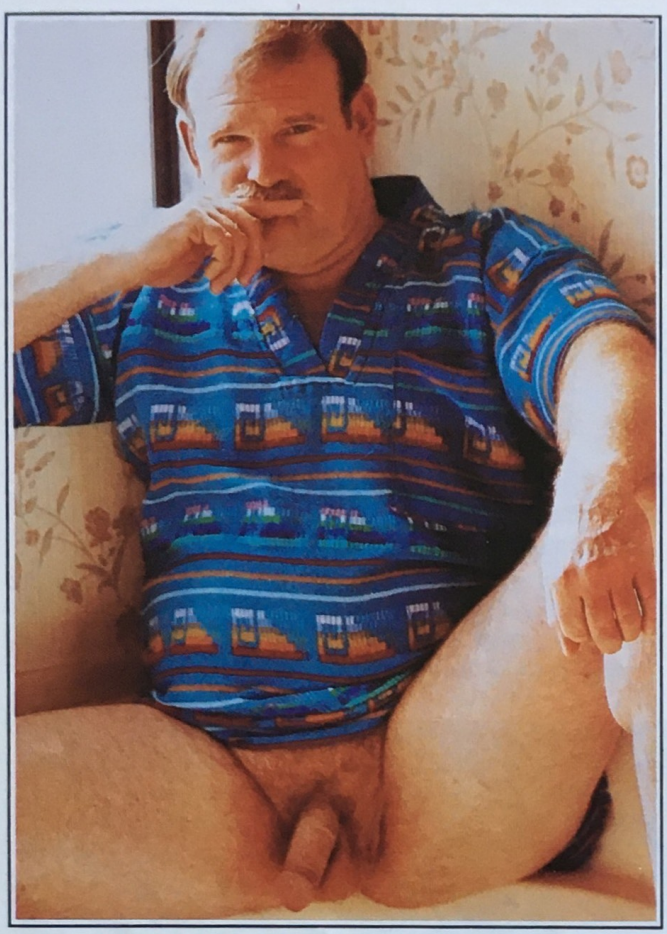
H.J. . . . photo by SCOTT

HUGH
photo by a friend

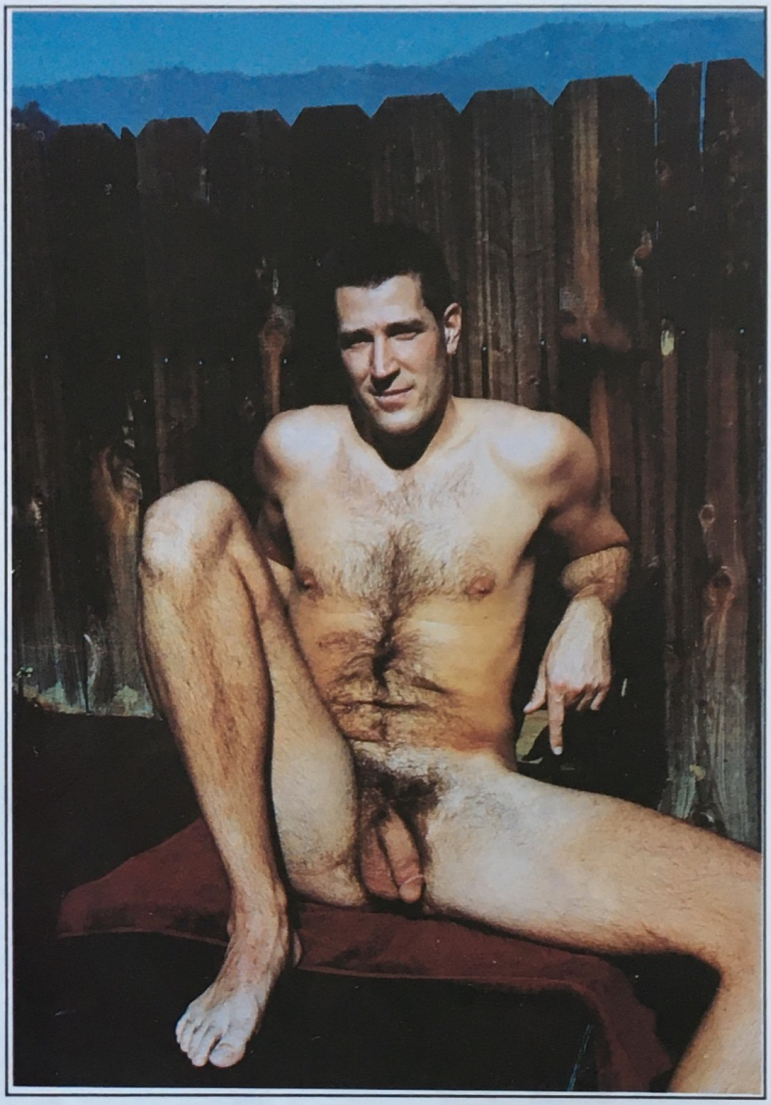
BOY BEAR . . . a self portrait



NACHO
photo by I. FURGER



LONE WOLF . . . photo by P.H. COLLEY

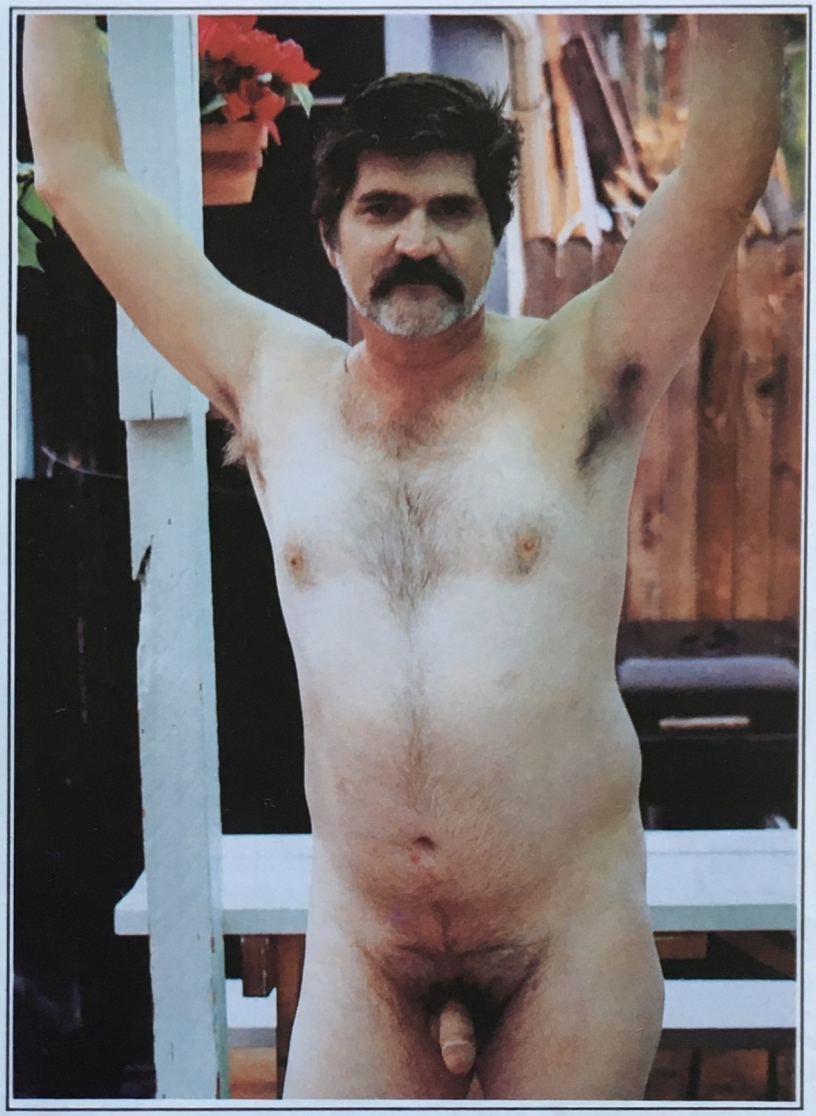


BRAD . . . photo by HOUSTON PHOTOGRAPHY

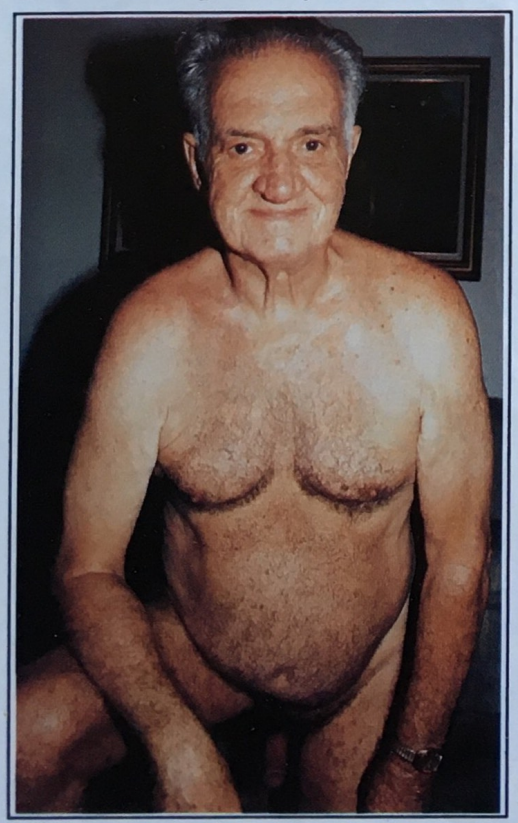
CRAIG . . . photo by JOHN

PAUL . . . photo by HAWFINCH

SILVER MINK . . . photo by THE TRAVELER

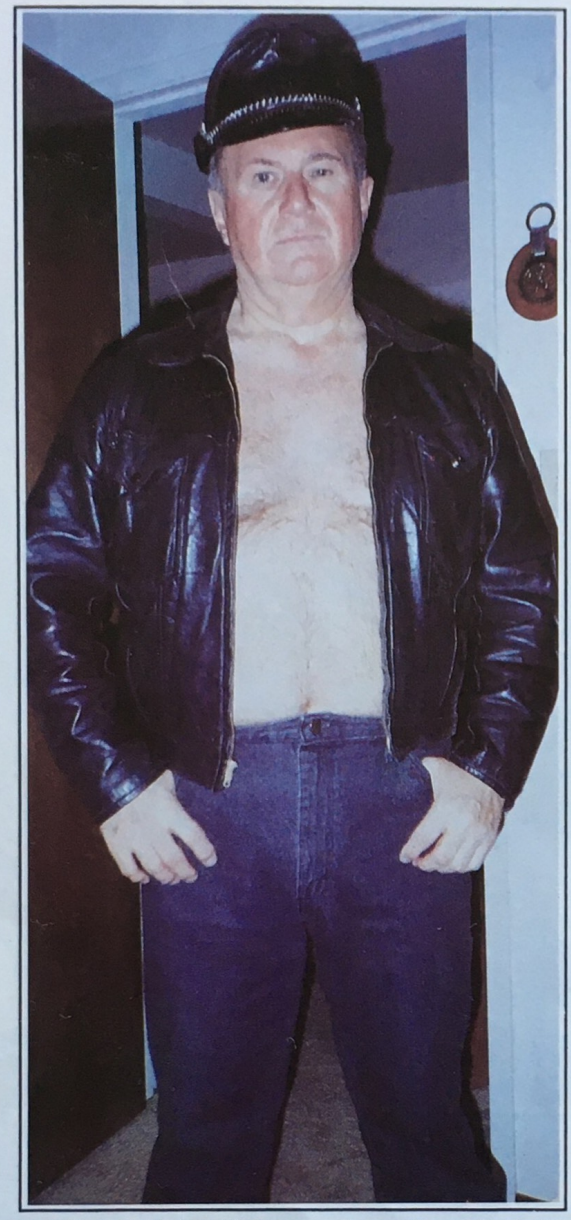


TUCK . . . photo by JOEL

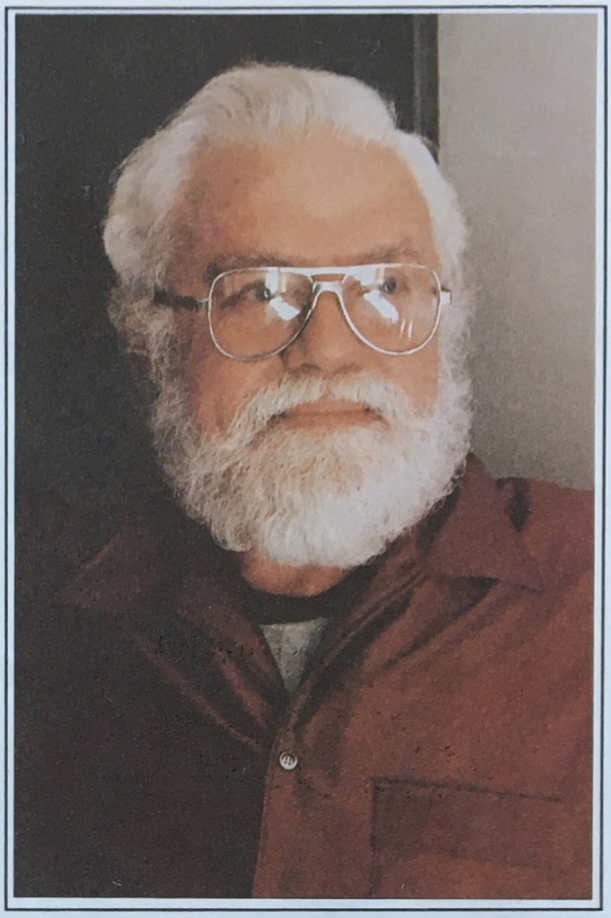


FLORIDA DON . . . photo by DAN

C.C. . . . photo by JACK

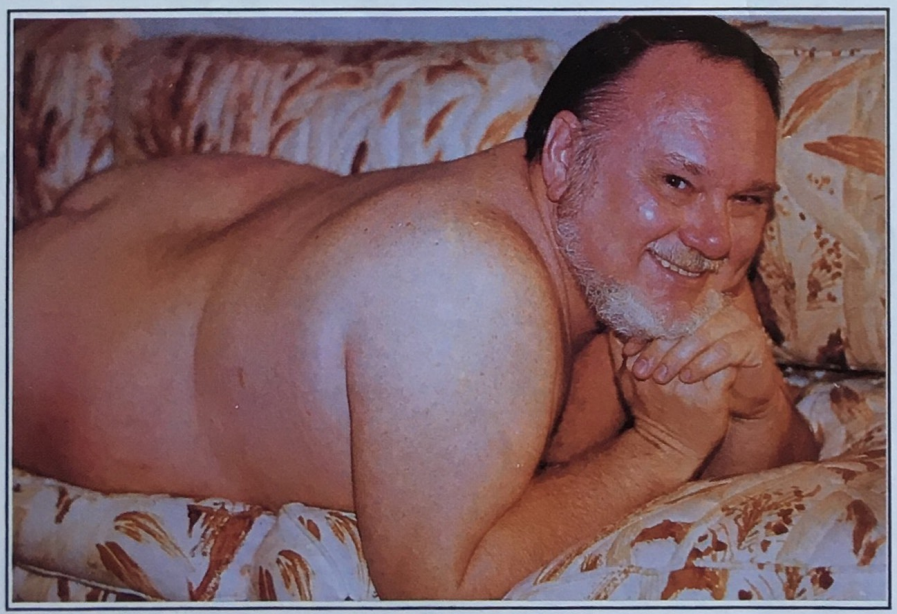


BAY AREA TOP . . . photo by CHUCK



LORD CLEVELAND
photo by SCOTT STEPHENSON

OUTBACK JACK
photo by N.H.



BOB FIVE . . . photo by WALTER MITTY

(OLD SOLDIER'S HOME - Continued from page 26)

to the scene. Only experienced Fr P. Willing to learn with right man. I am 5'-6", 178 in-shape pounds, hair everywhere except on top. What's there is russet and gray, eyes gray-blue, decent dick, looking for solid relationship, not sex buddies. Like to meet guys from 40-60. Photo appreciated and I will reciprocate. Write: Feldwebel, Box 2489, Main Post Office, Frankfurt Am Main, Germany."

This guy was too good to be true. Feldwebel, huh? That's German for sergeant, isn't it? Ben had fantasized about meeting some older soldier since his army days when he had seen this sergeant first class at the PX at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. Ben was just getting ready to ship out to the Jungle Warfare School in the Panama Canal Zone in 1969. That was over twenty years ago. Ben had been a new second lieutenant, getting ready to go to Nam and would stop by the Canal zone for a few weeks to get used to trees, snakes and 95% humidity. He never saw the NCO again. He had been short, almost Pixyish (in an Aldo Ray or Ghengis Khan sort of way), with auburn fur from head to toe. The man had thinning hair on his head, but Ben could tell with the fatigues that he had a hairy chest. He had that ruddy complexion of a soldier who spent his days outdoors. *Had to be infantry. What a build. A short man, but all tough little fucker.* He'd heard the sergeant talk to the clerk. It was an old southern boy's voice that started somewhere around the heel of his boot and picked up the timbre of a lion's growl by the time it reached his full lips. *Whew! Well, let's write this guy. We haven't got a thing to lose.*

Ben went into his bedroom, where his desk and typewriter shared a gloomy corner near his full-size bed. He sat down and fired up his Smith Corona and tried to formulate his ideas. *You don't write to a stranger like he's your Aunt Hattie. And, you don't write to a greenhorn in the gay life like you're writing to some female impersonator who plays everyone from Olive Oil to Gypsy Rose Lee. Be real, but be real careful. You don't want to scare this guy away. He's an old soldier and he's probably scared half to death. It took a lot of balls for him to do this. Let's see . . . .*

"Dear Sarge. Sorry, I can't pronounce *Feldwebel* . . ."

And the letter Ben created told the old NCO that they liked much the same thing. Ben didn't want to send pages and pages but just enough to interest the guy. After a page and a half, he ended. He included a recent photo taken at Brown's Lake.

He re-read the letter to make sure he was happy with what he wrote. He didn't want to be too pushy. He sealed the letter and decided to walk down to the Goodwill Store and mail it right away. It wouldn't get picked up until the next morning, but it would make him feel better.

Ben burst through the front door of his house in something of a fit. *Goddamn homecoming. Goddamn football. Goddamn kids.* He hated that time of year. He loved the summer and freedom. He was one of the few on the faculty who never got a full-time job during the summer. He worked for a while one summer at the bottling plant on the south end. It was the first summer he taught there. *Hot! Bottling plants are hot.* Then the smell of the chocolate factory down the way would come into the factory when the wind was just so and . . . *balls*. But he loved the summer heat and found he could go through summer without taking work.

He continued to pour pity upon himself as he rifled through his cupboard finding the fixings to build a pot of coffee. That done, he went to the hall and picked up the mail. There it was, right on top. Sergeant Major Theodore Johanson, HHC, 3rd Infantry Division, APO NY . . . and so on. *Well, could this be anyone but . . .*

"Dear Ben," it began. "I received a bunch of letters from that issue of *Manhunt* and tossed most of them. A lot of young people looking for a father or something. Others were writing these long letters describing how they wanted to do this and that to me and wanted me to do this and that to them. Your letter was like hearing from family, and I don't have any family. I've been a soldier since 17 and am now an old furball of 55. I'll be retiring this winter. I've never called any place home that didn't have the word 'Fort' in front of it. I've been everywhere a soldier can go and I'm tired of moving around. I'd retire tomorrow, but my enlistment isn't up until December. I like what I read and didn't read. I get to know someone pretty fast that way. I'd like you to write and tell me all about yourself. I'm enclosing a copy of the only picture I have. It's from last summer on leave. I hope you don't mind this letter being so tame, but I'm new at this. I hope to hear from you soon. Everyone calls me Ted or Teddy. Whatever! Take care. Sincere, T."

Ben looked at the picture. There were three guys all wearing short-sleeved shirts. There was one big man in the middle and two shorter guys on either side. The guy on the left had a circle drawn around him.

So, that's . . . T! You hunky little devil you. Stocky, tanned and hairy. Great forearms. I want to be buried with those forearms. A placid face hidden behind flier's sunglasses. He had his left arm draped around the big bull in the middle. He obviously loved the guy. He sported a trim moustache, and his smile sort of leaned to the right. His hair had definitely thinned on top. *Sexy man!*

Ben stopped for a minute. Here was this picture of a great-looking man. Ben's mental check list to God would describe Ted. His only flaw was that he was 4,000 miles away! *But I'm not getting thigh sweats!* He reread the letter. He knew he wanted to write Ted right away. He wanted to see, talk, walk, and stand by the lake with him, listening to the wind coming in from the Kettle Morrain, stirring the birds and trees. But he would be content to wait. Ben smiled the smile of a man with a supreme secret and went to his desk to type his second letter to Ted. *Yeah . . . Ted.*

Several letters would be exchanged, and it appeared that they shared a great deal. Ben learned that Ted loved the service but was tired of it. A command sergeant major since 1982, he had served up to division level. There was nowhere to go but theatre army and Washington, D.C. He didn't want that. He liked working with the troops. So, Ted was going to retire in December.

Now early November, the Middle East was getting warm. Between Hussein and Bush and the UN, anything could happen. When December rolled around, instead of getting news of Ted's retirement at the end of the year, Ben heard that Ted had extended his time until the crisis was over.

Ted had sent a birthday card with his last letter. Ben's birthday would land on January 16th. The card arrived on January 11th. Ted was being reassigned and would be transferred very shortly. He included the new address and APO. The unit had some indecipherable acronym Ted didn't try to interpret but assured Ben everything was fine and that his discharge would be delayed only a few weeks.

Weeks became months; letters were hurried and brief. The tone was that of a tired man working at a task that took its toll.

Ben's replies were always "up." It was amazing the amount of rapport they had between them, considering they didn't really know each other at all.

There were not many horny days any more, and twice Ben had begged off when a married trick came over. He had not been involved with anyone, for that matter, since the first letter. This wasn't celibacy; he just didn't need sex.

The 100 Hour War came in March. It was one thing for hundreds of planes to destroy by remote control. It was something else for the troops to move and the ground level shooting to start. Of course, he had no idea where Ted was. There was no high ground in this war and the rear area was simply a target a little further away. Television images showed civilians and soldiers in protective masks.

Then the fragment of a SCUD hit that barracks of reservists. It was like waiting for the second shoe to drop. This doesn't happen in real life! What if the enemy is laying a great trap? Casualties could be in the thousands.

Where is that son-of-a-bitch? Ben called in sick two days in a row. He wasn't falling apart, but he would be no good with kids. Better to stay away. Then it ended. The dreaded casualty lists never came. But if anything did happen to Ted, how would he ever know? No one would know about their relationship. If Ted had been killed, Ben would never know for sure. There would just be a long, terrible silence . . . lasting for years.

March 12, 1991, and the mail included a *Newsweek*, proclaiming they had the inside skinny on "the secret war" . . . and a hastily written letter from Ted.

"Dear Ben. I'm OK. No hits, no runs, no errors. It was the damnedest war you ever saw in your life. I go back early with other retirees. We're getting priority flights. I'll be discharged at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, because that's closest to Burlington, and you're the closest I have to family. I should be there on the 14th and I'll drive up when I get a pass, which should be right away. The processing will be a few days of formalities and they'll give me a schedule. I won't have to stay there. Ben, I never met you face-to-face, but I've never missed anyone so much in my life. See you soon. Love, Ted."

Ben fell into the sleep of the reprieved. Had he been hit by a bolt of lightning, he wouldn't have felt it. He slept on . . . and the smile grew broader. But it was the eyes that compelled Ben's own . . . and he heard the phantom words again in his mind: "All the grains of sand have passed . . . and time has forgotten the way . . . to guide those eyes to me at last . . . so we may together lay."

Goddamn it! He looked at the clock, which proclaimed early morning. *I can teach today. I'm bullet-proof today. Where are those fucking kids?*

The next twenty-four hours passed as if on fast forward. Friday flew when he expected it to lumber along. He slept like an innocent when he expected to haunt the dark hours, pacing from room to room. Superfluous hours fled like a thief.

That Saturday morning was gray and dull. It rained. It stopped raining. It rained. It stopped raining. The wind took vengeance on his willow tree in the yard for all the summer winds it ignored. *But, God, what a beautiful Saturday. If he's hungry, he'll eat. If he's tired, he can sleep. I'll let him eat anything that doesn't eat him first. He can do what he wants!*

He heard a car pull in, and he looked out. *Ah, rent-a-car-nondescript-gray. It has to be him. Fatigues? I didn't think that was allowed.* He watched through the blinds as the figure walked across the grass and bound up the steps of the porch. Ben moved to the door and opened it before there was a knock.

"Welcome home, soldier." He didn't try for originality.

Ted came in with a broad smile. His white teeth contrasted nicely with a tan skin. Slipping off his cap, he dropped it on a chair next to the door. "I've never had a real home before, but this is a great place to start."

Ben closed the door and took Ted into his arms.

Ted returned the pressure with ease. "I've never done this before."

"You're doing just fine. We'll work on it some more," Ben joked.

Ted laughed. They looked at each other and Ben could see that Ted had started a beard. It would get full fast. Ted's smile broadened, and Ben could only stare and remember:

. . . a trimmed moustache cut primly at the point where the lips joined. Short-cropped hair . . . red-brown skin . . . and I could only fall into the gray-blue electricity of those eyes . . .

And then he staggered as the reality of it hit him. "November fifteenth, sixty-nine. Where were you?" Ben's voice was almost hoarse.

"Are you kidding?" said Ted. "That's before the flood for crissakes! Well, let's see . . . I was just back from Nam . . . I was on my way to Germany. I had just made sergeant first class. Let's see . . . Fort Jack. Yup. Fort Jack." Ted smiled proudly.

Of all the unlikely coincidences in this quadrant of the galaxy, this was it. Ben wouldn't forget those eyes and that voice as long as he lived. "At one-thirty in the afternoon on November fifteenth, nineteen sixty-nine, you were in the main PX at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, buying film for your camera."

"What?" Ted was thrown.

Slowly leading Ted toward the bedroom, Ben explained the haunting lines, the memory of the eyes, the illusive image of a face.

Ted unbuttoned the top button of his uniform shirt, and Ben took over the task. They stripped each other until they lay side-by-side on the bed. Ted was understandably nervous.

"This is lovemaking," Ben said softly, looking down on Ted, having now leaned over him. He kissed Ted gently on the lips. The faintest of moans escaped Ted, and his arms closed like a gentle pair of trees around Ben. Hands explored and embraced as mouths touched. This was new to Ted. Someone was making love to him. They saw one another, and the sound in their ears was the rushing static of blood being forced to keep pace with the tempo of their breathing, their moving and their explorations.

Ben explored Ted's neck and saw the deep tan of the throat contrasting with his own skin that languished under cover for several months. He wore a seventeen shirt, Ben thought absently. Ted was tan and had heavy hair on his chest and stomach, with a nice pelt of fur on his back. *Great legs. An infantryman's bread and butter, well-muscled like everything else.* Moving his hands into the thighs caused Ted to moan; his head stretched back, revealing more broad neck and beard. Ben was busy on the chest. Nipples grew hard and erect like everything else on Ted's body. Ben's tongue moved around the chest, nipples and armpits and down the side. Ted began to thrash a bit.

Ben slipped between Ted's legs and moved his hands to tingling nipples, touching them softly, then vigorously. Ted squirmed and moaned, his hands resting on Ben's head. Ben's mouth found Ted's cock. Ted had called it "enough." *Well, it was plenty.* Ben felt the cock take up the space in his mouth and

throat. Ted let out a whimper as he felt the rhythmic up-and-down motion. Up-and-down. Ben worked masterfully, swirling his tongue around . . . but always the up-and-down motion . . . and the tits . . . the tits. Then came the tell-take hardening of the cockhead, like stone, the breathing, the suddenly held breath . . . the sucked in air . . . *haaaaa! Gaaahhhh!* It was almost a cry. *Gaaahhh! Ohhhh!* And on and on.

Ben slowed the rhythm as Ted held his head, recovering.

And then he lay beside Ted, holding him, eyes closed. They breathed in unison.

"I can't believe how that felt." Ted was relishing the fatigue, which was unlike anything he had ever felt. "I never felt so at-ease in my life." He looked at Ben, who still had his eyes closed, but he was smiling. "Nothing to say?" Ted smiled, too, and closed his eyes.

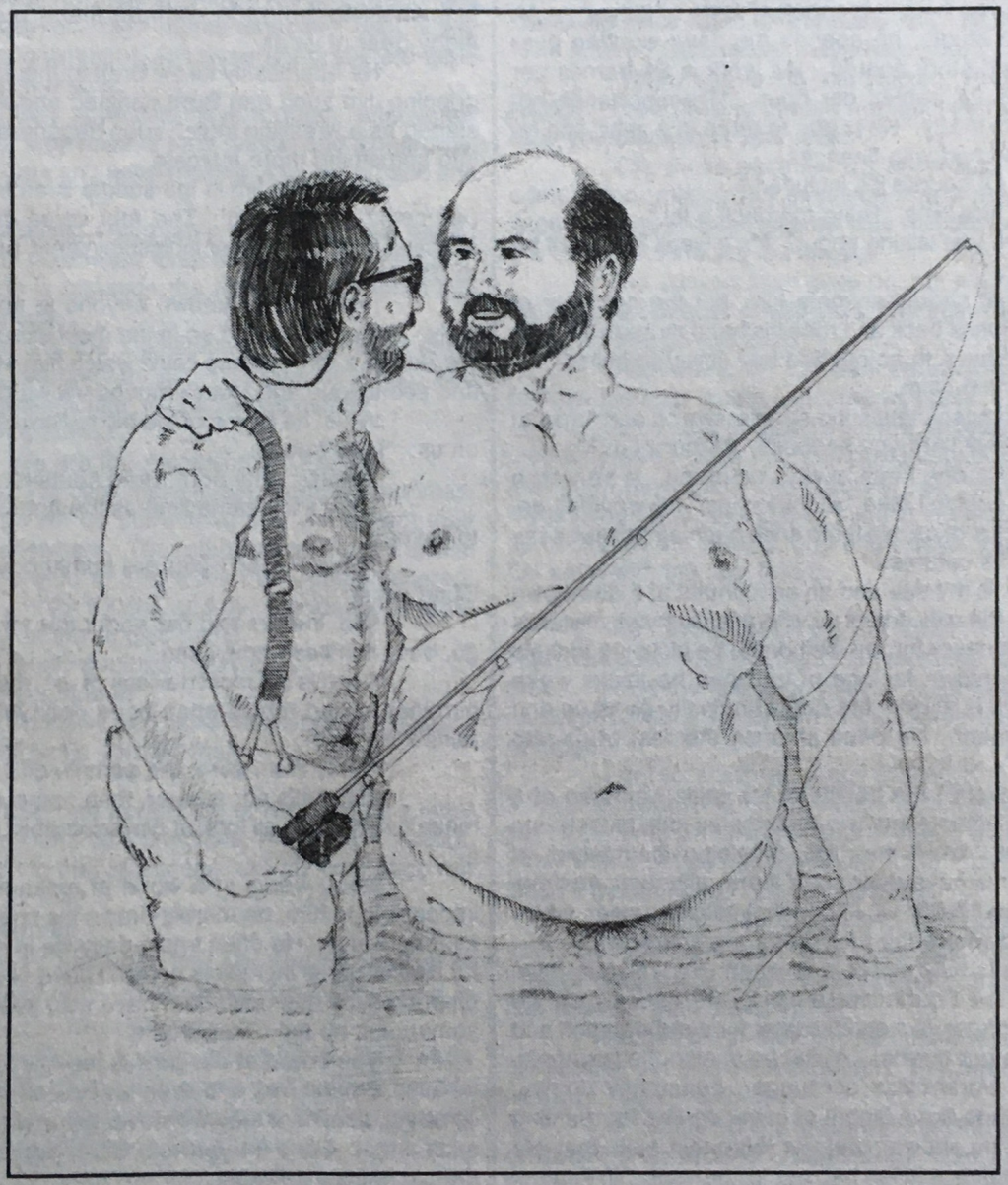
The words from his recurring dream came to him, and he softly whispered:

"All the grains of sand have passed . . . and time has forgotten the way . . . to guide those eyes to me at last . . . so we may together lay."

Soon they both fell asleep. ▭

RICHARD POWER is a middle-aged Midwest writer interested mainly in history and science fiction.

THE ARTWORK OF ELF



ELF lives in the Pacific Northwest with a cuddly and delightfully stout lover. While his main artistic thrust is illustration and portrait work, he enjoys reminding men that beauty comes in all sizes by delving in romantic fantasy art.

THE IDITEROD-HAWAII

fiction by CAMSHAFT

I take the mail from the box and wander back to the apartment, rifling through the envelopes. Among the usual junk mail to my printing firm is one addressed to me personally, and I open it idly.

I can't believe my eyes. I have won a vacation trip. I run back to the apartment, almost falling over Brett's bicycle.

My roommates are at rest, enjoying a warm Saturday afternoon. Doug is almost asleep; Brett watches television through sunglasses.

I look from one to the other. "Look at this, look!" I cry, waving the envelope. "I won a week in Hawaii!"

Doug Farrell lives in a constant state of lethargy. An artist for a movie studio, he spends his days working over animation cells and story boards. His work is 24 frames per second; his life is 24 frames per hour. "Transportation not included?" he asks mildly. He is due to retire in a year, and he grows more concerned with finances.

"What? Of course it's included."

"Have a nice time. Bring me back a lei."

"What are you talking about? It's a week in Hawaii for four! We all go!"

I think that should animate him, but the animator of "Dizzy Bear" only leans back and runs his hand through his hair. "Does this mean I have to go out and buy flowered shirts?" he says with maddening calm.

Brett Thompson takes the sunglasses off and looks at me intently. "Really? Are you serious? All four of us?"

Brett is the one I can always count on. If he won a vacation trip and couldn't take "all four of us," he wouldn't go. The most gregarious of us, his team spirit often emphasizes my selfish nature by its contrast.

Brett, 50, is my age and an accountant at a downtown CPA firm, so he is the only one of us who doesn't make mistakes with money. Brett never forgets birthdays, he picks up trinkets and little gifts downtown for one of us when he thinks we're depressed, and he is always the one who finally gives up and cleans the apartment. He often shames the rest of us into "unselfish" acts.

While I explain the details of the raffle I entered at a travel agency in Glendale, my two roommates look blankly into the distance, and I know they are imagining themselves at Waikiki. None of us have ever gone there, although we have heard so much about it that we know what colors to wear, which bars to avoid, and where the rock crabs are scarcest.

Planning is fully under way when Jim walks in. Jim Cantwell, called "The Fourth Horseman of the Apocalypse" by our apartment manager, is a sportscaster for a radio station and the biggest guy in our quartet. At 38, he is also the youngest.

He is a world-class scrounger, constantly coming home with lucky finds like a length of cable perfect for reaming out the slow-running shower drain or long, thin nails that are perfect for reattaching a fallen cabinet to the wall. This gift of serendipitous discovery is great because we need constant repairs:

Jim's immense size makes him a bull in a china shop—he can hardly move without breaking something. From a careless shrug of his former-linebacker's shoulders, lamps fall to the floor. He leans against a cabinet, and it breaks loose from the wall.

Brett once reached a mischievous hand behind the shower curtain and goosed him, and Jim's startled arm broke the knob off the shower spigot. That began a memorable evening:

Jim came thundering out of the shower like a freight train out of a tunnel, catching Brett before he could reach the front door. Doug and I were watching television, and we turned to witness the tussle.

Jim is so huge, 250 pounds, that whenever he is determined, he looks intimidating. People who don't know him well think he is angry (I have seen street thugs back down from him when he turned to confront them) but he is the biggest teddy-bear of us all.

He effortlessly threw Brett to the floor, and the naked, dripping Jim soon had Brett pantsed and equally bare. What started as a wrestling match soon degenerated—or elevated—into something more intimate.

Watching Jim in the saddle is erotica of the first order (we could sell tickets). The four of us dispense and enjoy affection from each other indiscriminately, but Jim is my favorite to watch.

I have never known anyone to enjoy it so excruciatingly. His face screwed up in the most exquisite agony, and he roared like a lion. No one could watch him without being moved, and soon Doug and I were moved—toward each other.

When he learns of the trip to Hawaii, Jim drops a bomb on us. "I can't go."

"What? Why not?" Brett sputters.

"That's the same time as the Angels game, and I have to cover it."

"What? Can't you get somebody to do it for you?" Doug asks.

"No, they've told me about this for weeks. I'd love to go, but I don't see how I can."

Doug is the most devious of us. His long life has taught him that locked rooms often have open windows. "What if it rains?" he asks.

"Well, then, sure, the game's off," Jim says.

"So that's our answer, then," says Doug. "We have to make it rain." We all look at him miserably. "Or something like it."

Doug works in a world of make-believe. Nothing is impossible to him; he merely draws his characters to do whatever he wants. He often treats daily life in that manner, setting for himself some incredible goals. I have seen him disappointed often by such attempts, but I have also seen him do a double-somersault off the diving board.

The board at our pool is too low to give adequate loft for such a maneuver, and even the brazen young sun-gods who lie about, confident they will never grow old, are not capable of such a feat. For a 64-year-old, silver-tipped grizzly to do such a thing is inconceivable.

Doug talked the residents of apartment 242 into letting him jump from their balcony onto the diving board, and before the apartment complex authorities could catch him and read him the riot act, *he had done it!* I have pictures of Doug in the second loop.

I learned never to underestimate him. He's in better shape than many men half his age.

He is also the author of the most bizarre sexual activities. Doug taught us the proper use of Hershey's chocolate syrup, and even Jim was in stitches when he brought home an affair of nylon netting designed to hang from the ceiling.

He has overreached himself this time, though. "How can you make it rain?" I ask.

"You ever done any arm wrestling?" he replies. He is also a master of the non sequitur.

"Arm wrestling? Sure I have, but what's that got to do with—"

Doug walks to the table and sits down with his elbow on it. "C'mere, Jim," he says.

Jim walks carefully across the room to sit facing him. As he walks, Jim must duck the overhead light. Being tall and big isn't all roses in a world designed for lesser mortals.

Jim puts his elbow next to Doug's like a redwood next to a sapling, and they lock their hands together. "Go!" Doug cries, and to our astonishment, Jim does not break the table slamming Doug's arm onto it.

Incredibly, they appear to have a draw. After a few struggling moments, they release their hands, and Jim growls, "That wasn't fair. You can't keep moving your hand back and forth like that!"

"That's the point," Doug says, "you can't beat me if I keep translating your downward force into a side-to-side force. What we have to do is translate the Angels game force into something perpendicular."

"This is getting too intellectual for me," Brett says. "Jim, just tell them you can't do it." To Doug, he says, "And besides, what's 'perpendicular' to a baseball game?"

"The Iditerod-Hawaii."

"What??" We are the Astonishment Triplets.

"It's simple. We can't make it rain, which will automatically exempt Jim, so we do something that will deflect their employment force elsewhere. The radio station learns that Jim has been specially invited to attend the First Annual Iditerod-Hawaii Race to cover it for KXWB, and by coincidence, it takes place the same day as the Angels game."

"You have finally *become* Dizzy Bear!"

"Doug, are you drunk?"

"Doug, my old friend, you have been working too hard."

"No, this will work, *TRUST* me!"

Two days later, the front office of KXWB gets a letter from the International Iditerod Committee, Anchorage, Alaska. I spent hours designing that stationery, and my print shop ran off a dozen sheets for me:

Dear Sir/Ma'am:

The Iditerod Committee and the Tourist Bureau of Hawaii have combined to create the newest spectator sport in the world, the Hawaiian Dogsled Race.

The argument level goes to about 20 decibels when Doug first lays this on us, but his powers of persuasion are legendary, and when we consider that this is the only way we can get Jim off the baseball hook, we go along.

At a cost of 14 million dollars, a trail of ice blocks will be laid around the perimeter of Oahu. Teams of dog-sledders will race around that track four times, observed by thousands of tourists and race enthusiasts, and the drivers themselves will race through jungles, across pineapple plantations, and along Hawaii's famous beaches.

Then comes the clincher.

To afford this First Annual Iditerod-Hawaii the best media coverage, our organization invites your distinguished Mr. Jim Cantwell to cover the event for KXWB. The Iditerod-Hawaii Committee will provide for his transportation to and from the race site(s), also his accommodations while in Hawaii.

And last but not least:

The projected dates for the Iditerod-Hawaii are June 10 - June 17.

The letter goes on with typical press release bla-bla. We sign it and put it in an envelope. At the office, I make up a rubber stamp that cancels the postage with a Honolulu postmark. We drop the letter into the KXWB box when we see the mailman make his rounds.

The staff of KXWB, of course, have never heard of the Iditerod-Hawaii, and they call the telephone number of the California office listed on the stationery. At home, we answer, "The Iditerod Committee, may I help you?"

"Yeah, this is Charlie Klaxon, Program Director at KXWB. You'll have to pardon me, but I've never heard of this race you mention in your letter."

"Oh, that's because it's an entirely new concept in competition, mixing the excitement and man-against-nature aspects of the Alaskan Iditerod race with the tourist industry and the creature comforts of Hawaii."

The conversation goes on, but the bottom line is that the program director finally says, "So this is all complimentary to us, no charge to KXWB?"

"Absolutely, sir. We want the very first Iditerod-Hawaii to have the best media exposure possible."

Jim is duly dropped from the Angels game and scheduled for Hawaii when the "complimentary tickets" arrive in the mail a few days later. The tickets are something else run off at my printing office. Jim tosses them in the wastebasket as soon as he leaves the studios, and a few days later, we take off for Lei Land with the real tickets.

We have a great time in Hawaii. We soon meet four Hawaiian guys who teach us the pleasures of being roun' and brown. Jim is the first to go native. A Hawaiian warrior nearly as large as he is takes him in his canoe and shows him his outrigger.

I get to watch as a guy named Keoki teaches Doug "Hawaiian swordsmanship," which, although very popular, has yet to become an Olympic sport. Keoki avoids Doug's slow parry with a single mighty thrust. Ooh, I bet that smarts, but Doug's mouth hangs open in pleasure.

Watching their brown and white packaging is more than I can take, and I turn to another guy, a silvered Hawaiian Warrior-King. He is wearing the traditional grass kilt, and I show him how the wind blows in L.A.

When I finish with him, he doesn't know his head from his sarong, but that doesn't matter. The twang's the thang, as Conway Twitty would say.

When the party is over, we don't have enough sarongs or grass to go around. "Somebody stole my loincloth," Jim mutters as we ride back to the hotel. He complains of the cold seat against his bare butt. "I know it was that Ricky guy," he grumbles. " . . . wanted it to put over his head . . . "

Brett gets Jim back into the hotel by snatching the thatch from a nearby cabana and fashioning a crude skirt. Jim walks through the lobby with a straight face, praying that nobody says anything, and we razz him the rest of the night about his snake-in-the-grass, which, indeed, peeks out inquisi-

tively.

Every day, Jim calls his radio station to tell them the race has been postponed because of rain. And since rain falls nearly every day somewhere on Oahu, that isn't hard to fake.

In fact, the only time Jim does anything involved with the media is the pose we must strike for the Sunshine Tours Travel Agency, showing the "Happy Winners Of This Year's Prize." Jim kneels behind us, obscuring his face behind dark glasses and a woven straw hat.

When we get back to L.A., Jim's boss calls him into the office. "Did you see *anything* at all of that loony dog race in Hawaii?"

"Uh, no, boss, every time we went to the starting line, the rain had ruined the ice, and they called it off."

"Something funny is going on here," he mutters, and he reaches for the phone.

"The Iditerod Committee," I chirp happily.

"Charlie Klaxon, KXWB," he spits. "What happened to the big Hawaiian race?" His voice is stern.

"Well, the best-laid plans," I say in a voice-calculated-to-placate-sponsors, "have gone astray again. Our committee had the finest intentions, but the rainy season just beat us off."

"Beat you off??"

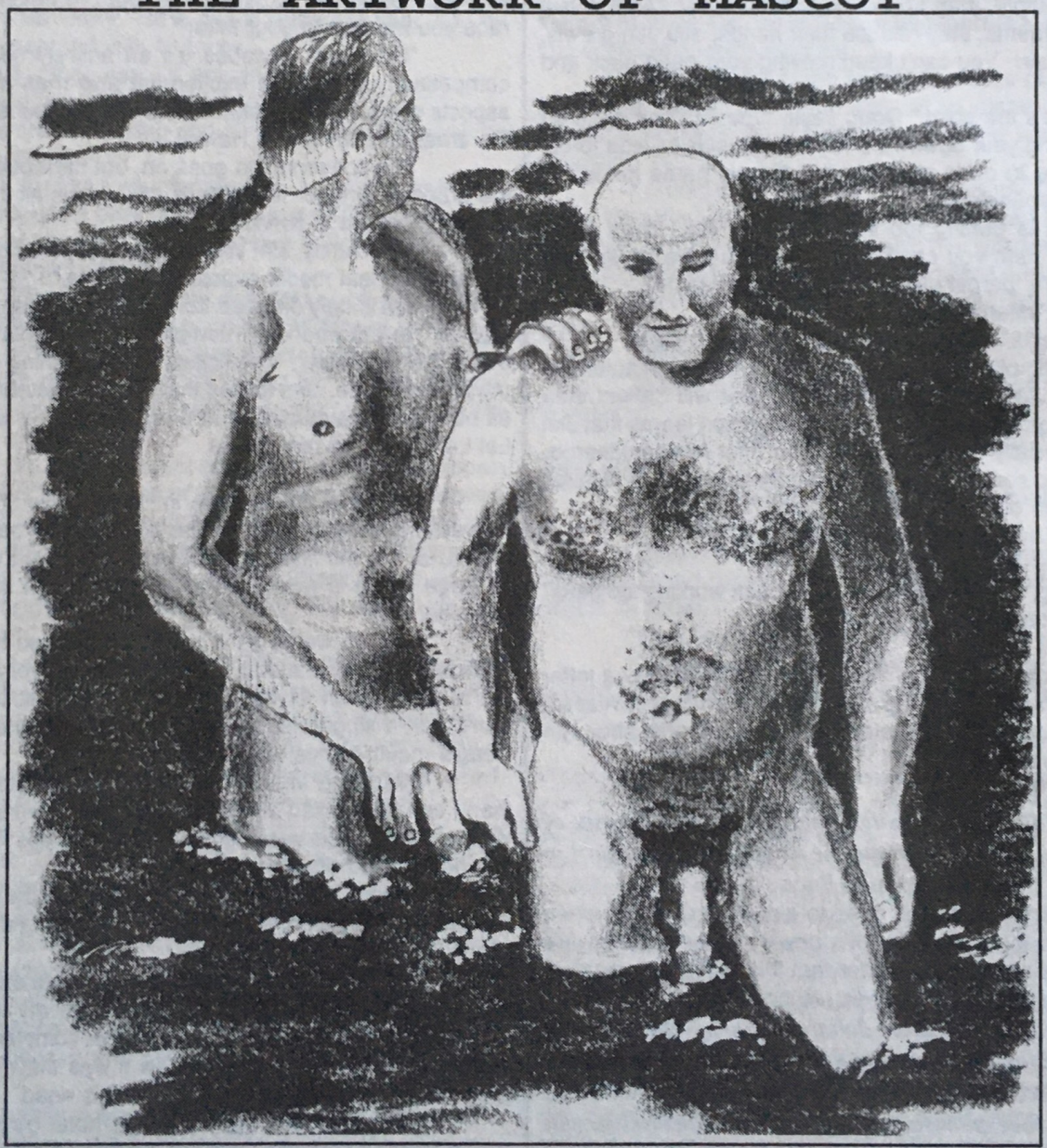
"Out. I meant, 'beat us out.'"

"So after all that, it's cancelled?"

"Regrettably, yes. But we would love to invite your Mister Cantwell to our next site, the Iditerod-Tahiti! It will be a wonder— . . . hello? . . . hello? . . . hello?"

CAMSHAFT is a professional writer who resides in Southern California. Since he left his biographical sketch blank on his publication release, we can only assume that he wants no fan mail. If you like his brand of humor as much as we, please let us know and we'll see about getting more fiction from him.

THE ARTWORK OF MASCOT



MASCOT is 25 and lives in Georgia with his friend, lover, confidant and equal, age 39. Through his artwork, he's tried to show the normalcy and eroticism of a homo-masculine relationship (rather than the bondage or domination aspect. Plus, older men are especially fascinating and attractive to him.

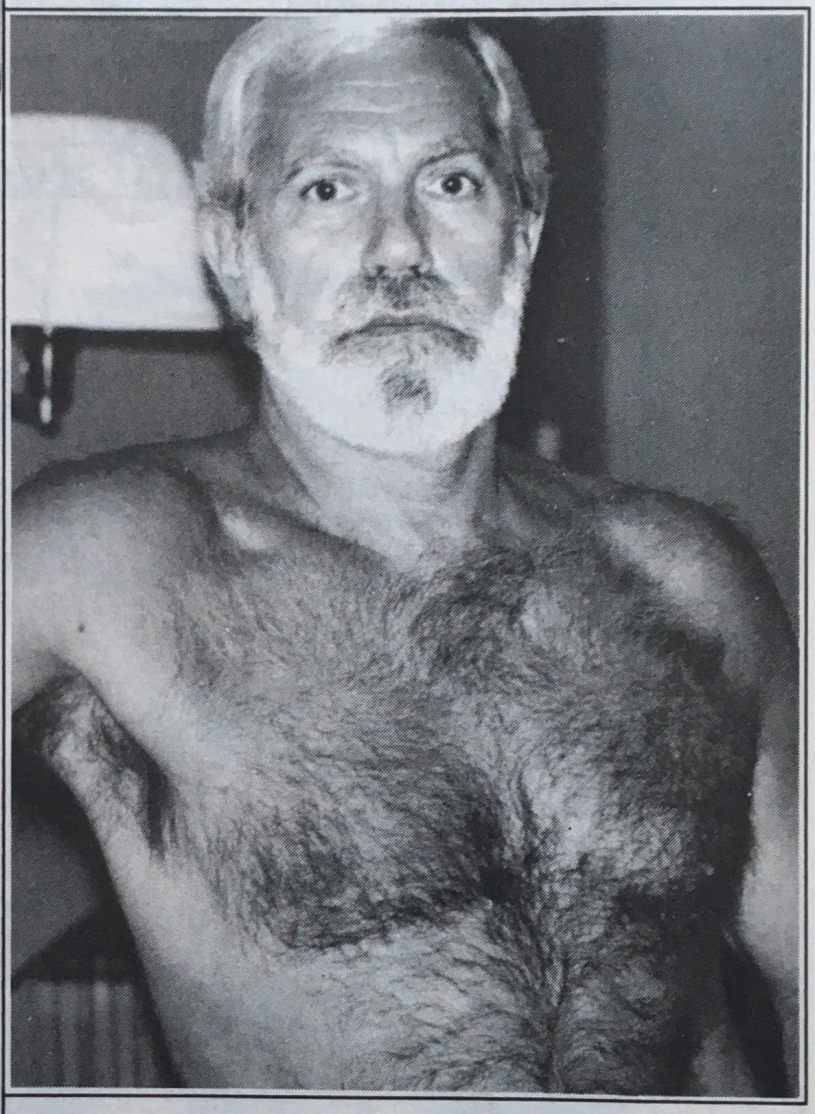
THE ARTWORK OF KEMUSH

HAPPY LANDING ON A CHOCOLATE BAR

Could this be what Shirley Temple had in mind in her famous song? KEMUSH is in his early sixties and lives in Los Angeles with fellow CR artist, BILL THREE. Read more about these interesting men in the IN CLOSING of this issue.

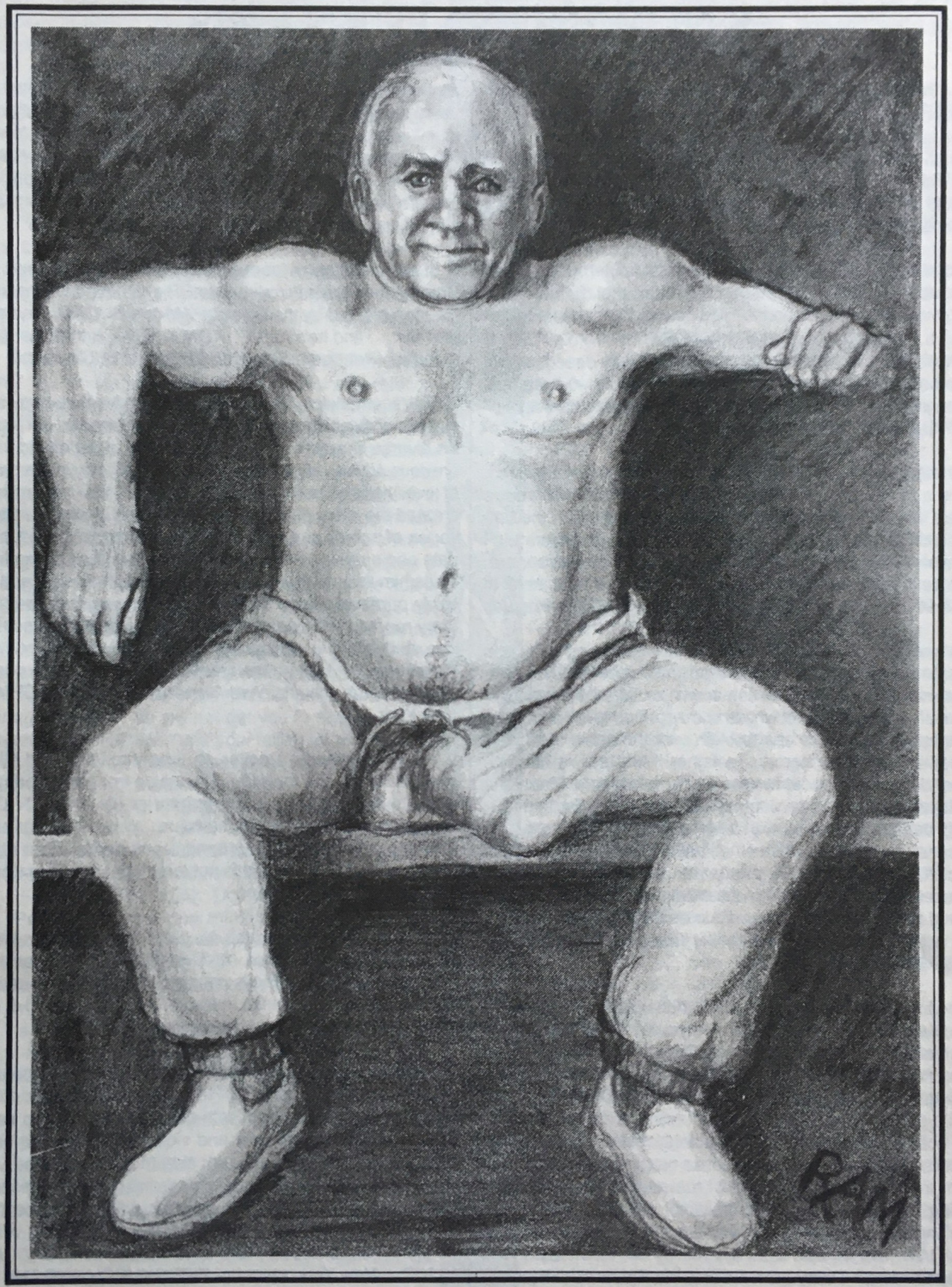
C A R L

PHOTOS BY JOEL



CARL is a retired educator and world traveler. He's now interested in house renovations, good food, good friends and new acquaintances. He lives in New Jersey.

THE ARTWORK OF RAM



I GET SO STIFF AFTER I EXERCISE

RAM hardly needs an introduction if you've followed our magazine for awhile. He has few peers, as you can probably surmise. This magnificent artist lives with his partner in Illinois and Florida and loves to garden and paint.

THE SPRING/SUMMER 92 SPECIAL ISSUE
KNOWING SATURN - #49

HERE'S WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING ABOUT OUR CURRENT SPECIAL ISSUE:

"As usual, your novel is great. It left me exhausted and drained of seminal fluid. Then I saw KOALA BEAR on the inside back cover and almost defecated a brick. How much does it cost to fly to Australia?" D.B./Denton, TX

"Against the background of mysticism and Mafia machinations, the wizard, P.H. Colley, has spun a brilliant plot, full of mind-twisting surprises and suspense-filled complications. In addition to being a sinister, psychological thriller, *KNOWING SATURN* is also a love story with all the stops pulled. Colley describes the love scenes in his usual, sublime way: not all is told—the reader's own imagination is encouraged, and he is invited to participate." THE VIKING/New York

"The photography in this issue is the best you've ever published. JOEL is a comer and, of course, CHELSEA WILLIAMS shows why he's considered one of the best photographers in the universe. THOM has to be one of the most desirable senior men I have ever seen. That five-photo spread by JOEL was superb. And those incredible Australians! All this and your best novel to date! THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!" XYLOPHANG/Los Angeles

"Beware of this one. I found myself actually becoming Pring, the novel's Amerasian narrator and central character. What he sees and knows is the only thing we see and know. We can't look over the horizon and warn him of what's coming. It is New York, 1968, and we are Pring. We're heartbroken over the death of a father who was much more than just a father. And as we become convinced that life is about to pass us by, we run into Mario, the embodiment of our ultimate dreams—deliverance in the form of a greying, bearish ex-marine with a Mafia brother. This story has love scenes so uniquely written that they are actually void of gay porn clichés. They're more poetry than prose. We're reading class here, fellas. Then out from the shadows comes the ruthless truth, and there's only one way out: to be *more* ruthless. A walk on the wild side . . . White Knuckle City until the last page." EXOCET/Newport Beach

"My goodness! A new logo, 20 phenomenal color photographs, and the best novel I've ever read. Are you sure that there aren't a bunch of talented elves working on CR while you sleep? What amazes me most is not your talent, which is eminent, but the mainstream media's ignorance of it." O.B.D./New York

"Many good writers will create characters of their own race and sex (and sometimes, professions) , but a great writer has the balls to swim in the uncharted waters of the melting pot, ultimately surfacing inside the body of a character so vivid, unique and compelling--so unlike himself-- that we are thunderstruck and hooked. We find ourselves at the mercy of the writer. I was astonished at how Colley drew Alvaro, the Puerto Rican junkie/hustler in *MOONFINCH*. I was touched by *ZONES'* Santoro, a minor yet pivotal character who just happens to be an African-American lesbian. In *KNOWING SATURN*, Colley paints a brilliant portrait of a young Amerasian—Pring—who will haunt me for years to come. In so many ways I identify with Pring because, like him, I was a young man in the "anything goes" New York of the late sixties, and I'm of Venezuelan/Japanese ancestry. *KNOWING SATURN*, in spite of its mysticism, eroticism, depravity and intense violence, is one of the most moving and poignant love stories I've ever read." OCHO/Chicago

"I used to fantasize about actors like Ed Asner and Wilford Brimley, then I was introduced to CR and began to fantasize over the men created by the likes of RAM and BUCKO. And now, the ultimate . . . and he's ALIVE! KOALA BEAR is the most desirable man I've ever seen. There IS a God!" K.D./Cleveland

"Colley's remarkable talents bring us into adventure and suspense through convincing portrayals of the reactions and perceptions of his diverse characters. We have already experienced this in his previous novels. He continues to do so brilliantly in this new novel of love, violence and reflection. Colley is a true romantic; he has created the story of a love that arises out of and in spite of the vortex of turmoil and brutality in which Pring is forced to participate and survive. Pring's love for Mario is the shining light that leads him through the maze of the surprisingly dark and necessarily primeval side of himself. The love scenes are sublime. They represent the passionate fantasies of truly masculine gay love of which we were deprived as we grew up in our homophobic surroundings. Colley has created another tightly-woven story which will grab you and never leave you. CHARLES CHIARELLI/New York

"I have never seen a cover so utterly moving and filled with passion as the one for #49. The inside front cover brings tears to my eyes. JOEL's photographs of his lover, THOM, are awesome, as is the rest of the issue. Well done, Pat and THE FRIAR--and all the photographers and models that made the special so magical. And let's not forget that mind-blowing novel. Astounding!" LEFTY/Reno

"You really know how to grab the balls of your readers and never let go until the last sentence. *KNOWING SATURN* surpasses your previous novels . . . if that's possible. I loved the abundance of visions, dreams, suspense, mistaken identities and love scenes. The plot is superb." E.L.L./Washington

"Pat Colley's new novel, *KNOWING SATURN*, is a masterpiece of paradox and conversion. He brilliantly portrays unconscious permutations when a man with gay compassion and sensitivity meets with Mafia paranoia and violence. Pring, the gay man, comes into touch with his dark side in the need to survive and rescue his lover. Mario, under Pring's influence, experiences love and compassion. In the end, gay love fulfills its deepest fantasy of overcoming the "wild man" and, while retaining his virility in all its glory, converting him into a gentle, faithful lover." JOHN J. McNEILL/New York, author of *THE CHURCH AND THE HOMOSEXUAL* and *TAKING A CHANCE ON GOD*

IMPORTANT . . . PLEASE READ THIS

1. COMMERCIAL USE OF THE PERSONAL AD SECTION: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the classified ad section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found distributing commercial fliers or brochures to our personal advertisers. We urge all advertisers who have received such materials to forward them to us for further action.

2. ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. Failure to do so aids in tarnishing CR's reputation. Consequently, we will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or incident resulting from the use of our personals ads. Although we monitor all ads and refuse to publish any ad which implies fraud or peril, we cannot know the ulterior motives of our advertisers. Therefore, please be warned that very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We therefore urge our readers to use this personal ad section with the utmost caution and common sense. Be skeptical during initial contact and immediately cut off communication at the first mention of money or ANY commercial offer. Discreetly answering a "loaded" ad will not get you in trouble; it's the subsequent communication and your falling for their bull shit which will get you in hot water. Use the CR ads wisely and you can meet hundreds of wonderful people.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors. These ads are intended for adults only.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in back issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands.

6. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside an envelope that cannot be read through. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons per 3 letters.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the code in the center of the envelope, so we can erase and write-in the advertisers protected name and address.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

NOTE: Letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

PERSONALS

ALABAMA

(10/92) SOUTH ALABAMA: GWM, 32, 5'-10", 160#, black/blue, financially secure, seeks over 40, 5'-6" to 5'-10", 220-300#, hairy chest/belly. Well endowed a plus. Photo please. Write: **SOUTHWIND**

ARIZONA

(6/92) ARIZONA: Retired, 67, 6 ft., 175#, white, hairy chest, endowed. Would like to correspond and hopefully meet other mature men, 50+. I enjoy travel and good times. Write Casa Grande Kid, 533 W. 13th Place, Casa Grande, AZ 85222.

(6/92) ARIZONA: GWM, 63, 200#, 6". Looking for permanent relationship. You willing to relocate, 40 to 65. Looks and size OK. Enjoy all sex. Loving, loyal, straight-appearing. Own my home and business in small village located in forest and mountains. Ed, HCR Box 180-0, Payson, AZ 85541.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

(NS 6/92) LOOKING FOR BLACK MALE: from any part of the country to share and enjoy a beautiful retreat on seashore and lots of other special interests. Monterey Bay Area and San Francisco. I am GWM, 53, 6 ft., 175#, HIV positive. Let's start a dialog. This ad was run before, but post office messed up. Write: W.R., P.O. Box 880737, San Francisco, CA 94188-0737.

(10/92) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, young 60, short, stocky, bald, hairy, hung, healthy (HIV negative). I am strictly a TOP and am seeking men under 50 for safe sex. Enjoy light S&M. Not interested in relationship. Occasional business travels to major U.S. cities. Write: John, P.O. Box 31335, San Francisco, CA 94131-0335.

(10/92) SAN FRANCISCO: Gay Asian, late 30s, good-looking, well-proportioned, well-educated, professional, financially secure, warm-hearted, well-traveled, seeks lifetime friendship and love from an older gentleman. Pluses: late 50s, cherubic looks, RAM type, financially secure, fond of travel, kind-hearted, lover of the good life, grey hair, medium to stout in weight, well-endowed, uncut . . . someone who enjoys uninhibited, prolonged lovemaking. Appreciate your photo and phone number if possible. **GREAT LOVER**

(10/92) DADDY WANTED: Sexy, attractive, honest, professional, athletic GAM, 20s, seks a 40+ discreet gentleman to love, please and fulfill my fantasies. I have great respect and admiration for mature men. I also love your body. You must appreciate the companionship of a younger person. Jon, P.O. Box 92, San Jose, CA 95103. Picture please (returnable). Nude welcomed.

(6/92) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Horny, healthy HIV+, 56, 5'8", stocky +, bald, tattoos, open to any safe sex (come on, be creative), sense of humor?? Honesty given/expected. Likes mature men and those who appreciate them. What else? You fill in the void. Would also enjoy hearing from men in other areas of the country/world. I enjoy traveling around. (Planning a trip to Amsterdam in the fall.) Photo appreciated (returned upon request). Phillip, 1078 Noe Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

(10/92) TIME-SHARE WITH SOMEONE SPECIAL: 51, retired, 5'-11", 200# (and losing) brown eyes, salt & pepper hair and beard (more salt than pepper), HIV negative, uncut, prefer the same, but not a must. Enjoy collectables, walking, the moon, romantic times and places, travel. Am looking for 45+ nonsmoker, drug-free companion to share life and love. Write: **MYKAEL/CONCORD**

(8/92) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: GWM, 61, 5'-

11", 155#, good-looking, excellent body, tattoos, moustache, side-burns, blue eyes, athletic, hairy chest, balding, HIV negative, French active, Greek passive, would like to meet men any age, any weight in country setting anywhere in No. California. Don K. (415) 255-0970.

(NS8/92) SAN FRANCISCO SAUSAGE STUFFER: Horny, 34, 5'-11", 165#, GWM, with 7-1/2" slightly curved downward sausage which is looking for a depraved, dentured, deep throat. Be trim, able to gum and get force-fed thick cock for long sessions. Write: J.T., 701 Taylor #506, San Francisco, CA 94108.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(6/92) SO CAL/ORANGE COUNTY: Bi WM, grey hair, 56, 5'-11", 235#, to meet with others. Cock: 8" X 61/2" around, loves to be sucked. Tits love to be sucked. Enjoy my hot ass being massaged, hand up it, soft toys in it, but no pain. Enjoy hand body massage. I'm sensuous, very clean, laid back, horny, educated, like videos, uninhibited, long lasting. Write: **MACK**

(6/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/HIGH DESERT: WM, 55, 6'-1", 235#, rugged, masculine, moustache, single, nonsmoker, nudist. Seeks younger than myself, any race, well-proportioned body, stable. Fair blonds a plus. No drug users or heavy drinkers. Write: **BAREKAT**

(6/92) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 53, 235#, 5'-11", tattooed, uncut, well hung. Interested in meeting/corresponding with other big men. Prefer guys who are grey or bald, uncut, over 40 years old. Write: **TATTOO**

(6/92) MATURE MAN SOUGHT: By 26-year-old, mature, "boy next door" type. I am 5'-11", 175# (muscular with swimmer's build), clean-shaven, clean-cut, intelligent, humorous, honest, nice, somewhat successful and emotionally/financially secure. I am seeking a masculine man, 50+, for friend. You should be husky, clean-cut, clean-shaven, honest, mature and emotionally secure. If you resemble this description I would love to hear from you. Please write with photo to: POOL BOY, P.O. Box 4351-450, Hollywood, CA 90078. I will respond to ads nationwide.

(8/92) LONELY IN LONG BEACH: Will some nice guy, age 65 or over, come and share my home? I am a young 76-year-old man of average size. I am A/P French and need a friend. Write: Jack Kepr, 325 W. 3rd St., #109, Long Beach, CA 90802.

(8/92) SAN DIEGO: I'm 50, 5'-8", 200#, brown hair, blue eyes, nonsmoker, French A/P. Looking for hairy, 55-70 nonsmoker, French A/P, similar to FRIAR, Wilford Brimley, ZIPPER, IRON WORKER, etc. Please write with photo: **WOLVERINE**

(8/92) HIGH DESERT ABOVE PALM SPRINGS: Masculine Hispanic man, 56, 5'-6", 185#, healthy, easy-going, sincere, romantic, passionate, good sense of humor, very oral. Likes to have fun with men 55+ (no limit). Prefer heavy men. No kink or pain. Write: **THE LATIN**

(NS8/92) SAN DIEGO: Bi white male, slim, masculine, seeks same, 62 to 75 only, for friendship and more. I'm widowed, 5'-10", clean-cut, attractive, educated, discreet. Write: L.T., P.O. Box 211, Carlsbad, CA 92018

(8/92) ORIENTAL: 37, 5'-10", 150#, pleasant-looking, HIV negative, versatile, stable, secure. Enjoy travel and theater, etc.. Like to meet sincere, heavy-set GWM, 50+ for intimate friendship. Photo appreciated (will return) Write: **SMILEY OF L.A.**

(6/92) MASCULINE DAD/GRANDAD TYPES OVER 65: Masculine bi white male, 42, 6'-2", 200#, seeking correspondence, friendship, safe sex, father/son relationship with masculine bi male, 65+. Photo a big plus and insures mine. Write: Don Rogers, 5917 Oak Ave, Suite 122, Temple City, CA 91780.

(NS4/93) EUROPEAN: GWM, 35, 5'-7", 145#, looking for older guy, 50+ for friend and more--someone who is clean-shaven and in good shape and who likes to hold and touch and be loved. Write: **EUROPEAN**

(NS6/92) LOS ANGELES AREA-NATIONWIDE: GWM seeking loving men who enjoy same. Not into drugs. I don't smoke or drink. Like men of most any age. Pen pals wanted, photo appreciated. Write: D.N.P., 1013 N. Marguerita Ave., Alhambra, CA 91801.

CONNECTICUT

(8/92) NEW ENGLAND/NEW YORK: GWM, 50, 6 ft., 225#, wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. Me: French active, love water sports, scat and other good sex! For a goodtime, write: **WET**

(6/92) MASCULINE, FURRY, STOCKY? GWM, 48, 6'2", 180#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Write: Jan, P.O. Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or call (203) 794-0868.

(6/92) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 28, in steady monogamous relationship, seeks occasional diversion over the phone. If you are over 50 and into phone J/O, please send a descriptive letter and photo, if possible. I enjoy talking/listening about everything from vanilla sex to raunch/spanking (active/passive). Here's the catch: because of my relationship, I do not want to give out my number, so I will initiate all calls at times you have suggested. I realize this is an unreasonable request and therefore do not expect many (any?) responses. Write: **CHAS**

(NS8/92) GENTLE GIANT WANTED: GWM, 56, 5'-9", 180#, grey hair, moustache, nonsmoker, active, healthy, many interests, seeks athletic, aware, husky bear (ex-footballer?), 30+, willing to devote time to develop relationship. Please write with photo. Andy, P.O. Box 147, Storrs, CT 06268.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(12/92) ABE: You've seen my ads, artwork and photo in the past. If you're older, sexy, hung and masculine, write me. I have a lot to offer. Your photo gets mine. Abraham D. Serrato, P.O. Box 33001, Washington, DC 20033-0001.

FLORIDA

(6/92) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: White professional, 43, 5'-7", 155#, athletic, hairy, does not smoke or drink. Financially independent and generous. Would like to meet older gentlemen, 65-85, trim/medium build. Picture is appreciated. Will return. Will pay trip for the right person. Write to: J.K., P.O. Box 24791, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33307.

(6/92) SARASOTA/NATIONWIDE: Still lonesome old (smooth) teddy bear, 65. Like to cook. Love bed. Belt okay. Want sweet Daddy to cherish. Ted, 763 John Ringling Blvd. #B-8, Sarasota, FL 34236.

GEORGIA

(8/92) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 61, 5'-6 1/2", 235#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

(NS4/92) WANT SOMEONE SPECIAL? GWM, 55, 5'-10", 190#, hairy, versatile, creative, seeks bright, 25-40, down-to-earth guy who likes himself, for long-term relationship. J.R., Box 2158, Decatur, GA 30016.

(8/92) GEORGIA/SOUTHEAST: GWM, 60, 6'-3", 225#, retired gentleman who doesn't smoke, use drugs, is HIV negative and who likes a quiet, stable home life, who has a distinct love of life, capable of caring for himself; but needs the added touch of love to make life complete, seeks a slender younger man who also meets this discription. Write with photo: **GEORGIA BOB**

(12/92) ATLANTA BIG BEAR SEEKS NEW FRIENDS:

6'-5", 300#, 30, non-drug/smoke. Likes long walks, cuddling, dogs and making new friends. Older, furry gentlemen a plus! Drop me a note. Photo appreciated. Write: Ted, P.O. Box 8194, Atlanta, GA 30306.

ILLINOIS

(12/92) HEAVY OLDER MEN: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 140#, brown/blond hair, blue eyes, 6" cut, looking for men over 50, 250 pounds plus and well-endowed. Write: J.N.O., 2238 N. Lakewood, Chicago, IL 60614.

(6/92) MANRIDER: Greying daddy top GWM, 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 63 years, wants an any-age, strong, heavyset playmate bottom lover to horseplay, mutually work out, swim, ride bikes, watch my SWAN and other videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Chicago G & M member. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

(6/92) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 30, 6 ft, 175#, looking for sincere, warm companionships with older men, 35-65, with big guts (195+) and body hair. Grey hair a plus. I like to cuddle and hold. I enjoy traveling and doing most anything. All responses answered. Write to: Mike, P.O. Box 4144, Bloomington, IL 61702-4144.

(6/92) MIDWEST TRAVELER: Looking for a man over 50, stocky, short or tall, for more than just companionship. I'm a 36-year-old, 5'-8", 175# white male who keeps in good shape by exercising regularly. I travel the Midwest and could stop in for a visit or whatever. Send a phone number and description (plus photo?) to: **WHITESOX**

IOWA

(8/92) IOWA/NATIONWIDE: LOVER WANTED: Very attractive, masculine, assertive, affectionate, intelligent GWM seeks in-shape lifemate or fuckbuddy. I'm 50, 5'-10", 180#, HIV positive, uncut, A/P French/Greek (mostly top), blue/brown. Great sex and much love awaits you in Iowa. Photo please. Bring some SUNSHINE into your life and mine. Write: **SUNSHINE**

KANSAS

(NS6/92) NATIONWISE/KANSAS/INTERNATIONAL (SPECIAL YOU): Black male (foreign), 6'-1", 180#, 28 yrs and HIV negative. Looking for a heavy set man, 35-70. I am loving, caring and sincere and expect same. Seeking friendship/relationship. Penpals welcome. A hot photo appreciated. (Hairy/uncut a +) Write: S.L., P.O. Box 8891, Wichita, KS 67208.

KENTUCKY

(10/92) FRANKFORT: Blind man, age 60, looking for pen pals. Tapes or typed letters. I have a reader. Write: Hugh Hampton c/o Bob Cook, P.O. Box 885, Frankfort, KY 40602.

MARYLAND

(NS6/92) IT COULD BE YOU: Would you like to meet the right person for the right thing? Johnny 7, P.O. Box 56, Temple Hills, MD 20757-0056.

(NS4/93) MARYLAND: James, please keep in touch with me. I miss you very much. Love, Jonny 7.

MASSACHUSETTS

(6/92) OLD FASHIONED BOTTOM: Tall, trim, healthy, independent and responsible. This gentle, giving man with varied interests is seeking a stable, masculine top man, over 55, with an in-charge, caring, protective attitude. Old fashioned values and personal integrity are more important than looks or race. Sense of humor a must. No drugs or gay bars. Please call (617) 524-1834, or write to: **FREDRICK**

(8/92) HOW OLD IS A CUB? I'm 47, looking for papa bear, 50+, hairy, chunky, strong, hung. I'm stocky, 5'-10", 190#, hairy, hung, mature, professional, submissive in sex: Greek passive, French active. Masculine top, work me over. Uncut a plus. No booze, smoke, drugs. R. Archibald, P.O. Box 1273, Marblehead, MA 01945.

(8/92) BOSTON AREA: WM couple, mid-60s, retired professionals, committed, closeted and discreet, whose interests are early American antiques, gardening, travel, sports, politics and good conversation. Seek similar, 55+, for friendship. Write: **BOSTON FRIENDS**

MICHIGAN

(12/92) MASCULINE "CUB": 28, 5'-9", 240#, heavy built, blond, versatile, furry, seeks "Papa Bear" for hopeful lifemate. Attracted to huskies, 30 to 60, furry, BUT OPEN! Relocation discussable, especially to a farm. Write/photo: Mike, P.O. Box 615, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48804.

(8/92) MICHIGAN BEAR COUPLE: Going to be in the mid-Michigan area? Stop by Silver Bear Bill and Teddy Bear Ron's den for a big bear hug. We are both bearded bears with soft paws and talented mouths. Write: Bill & Ron, 1406 Granger, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858.

MISSISSIPPI

(6/92) RETIRED MINISTER NEAR NEW ORLEANS: Older, uncut top. Statistics average. Some say better than average looks. I love to suck a big pair of tits. Like dogs, gardens, books and music. Tom Horner, Box 2035, Bay St. Louis, MS 39521.

(NS6/92) MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST BEAR MUSICIAN: 65, 6'-2", 250#, salt and pepper hair, moustache and beard, seeking super-slender bear cub, to 65, interested in relocating and sharing modest home and quiet lifestyle. Very versatile in bed. Having companionship, ending loneliness, and building security is the bottom line. Photo appreciated. No alcohol, cigarettes or drugs. The Maestro, 11349 S. Creel Circle, Seaway Island, Gulfport, MS 39503-4000.

MISSOURI

(8/92) MIDWEST MUSICIAN PLUS: GBM seeks gentle, loving WM for sincere close relationship. Affectionate, considerate, safe. Fatherly types, uncut, a plus. Your discretion respected. Classically trained musician, artist, massage therapist. Some travel possible. Photo, phone supplied after initial contact. Write: **PICCOLO**

(6/92) OLDER BIG-BELLIED MEN: wanted by stable, good-looking 31-year-old W/M, if you are 40-60 years, masculine, heavy-set RAM or BUCKO type who enjoys dominating a younger bottom. Cigar smokers a big turn-on. Penpals and travelers welcome. Write: J.S., P.O. Box 45285, Kansas City, MO 64111.

NEW JERSEY

(10/92) QUALITY AFFECTION OFFERED: by loyal,caring friend. Masculine BiWM, 63, 5'-11", 165#, good mind, good body, balding, dignified. Interests include cultural, scientific,spiritual, sexual, intellectual. HIV negative. Great if you're a top, but friendship and affection come first. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(6/92) NEW JERSEY/NYC: GWM, 63, 5'-10", 220#,professional musician with good sense of humor, seeking friendship/relationship with younger, endowed, hirsute guy who enjoys cuddling and good conversation. Letter/photo/phone appreciated. Write: **ART**

NEW YORK

(6/92) DEPRAVED, DENTURED, DAD: Enjoys orally servicing horny, masculine men. Much into mutual nippleplay (mine sizzle!), rimming. Perfer (not strictly) big, husky giants/short-stocky mesomorphs: Football/Wrestler types. Cock size unimportant. Write: R.A.R., Box 6344, New York, NY 10163, or call (212) 684-3582.

(6/92) NEW YORK ROMANTIC: Affectionate, romantic, fun-loving, GWM, 44, 5'-9", 175#, furry, brown hair with

moustache and glasses. Seeks older, sincere, relationship prone, smoother-bodied guy. Love of theatre, travel, movies and big band music a plus. Letter with phone and photo to: S.F., P.O. Box 7527, New York, NY 10116-4631.

(6/92) READ YE! A pleasant 70-year-old, presentable gentleman with old-fashioned hospitable manners and who lives in central New York State welcomes visits from men of similar age and manners who would enjoy his hospitality, talented affectionate attentions, and good cooking. Also have motor home. Will travel. Write: **RIP**

(NS6/92) MASCULINE, SMOKIN' DAD: Sought by French active, handsome BM, 6 ft., 170#. Interested in a mature, dominant, hot Dad who likes to lie back, light up, spread 'em and get served by a healthy 30-year-old. Cigars, grey beards and 'staches, tattoos, husky builds are turn-ons. Write: B.A.M., 434 Sixth Avenue #668, New York, NY 10011. All answered.

(6/92) ISRAELI-NEW YORKER: 49, 5'-10", chubby 212#, blond/grey hair, blue eyes, hairy chest. Seeks relationship with mature men, 55+: stocky, hairy, grey hair. Bald is a plus, but not essential. Write: **DAVID OF NEW YORK**

NORTH CAROLINA

(12/92) MASCULINE OLDER MAN WANTED (50 TO 80): A clean, discreet, nonsmoking and dependable GWM, 5'-8", 200# football coach is looking for a cuddly, short grandfather type who could use some preferential affection. Prefer clean-shaven, mature man of any profession, or retired. I can do some traveling and I can accept visitors. Photo a must (will return). Call (704) 873-2702, or write: Coach Al, 768 West End Ave., Statesville, NC 28677.

(4/93) NORTH CAROLINA: Affectionate bear cub, writer, artist, 25, 5'-10", 270#, brown/blue, with reddish-brown beard, moderately furry. Looking for brother bears and papa bears for warm friendship, affection and . . . ? All letters answered and correspondence welcome. Your photo/phone gets mine. All you need is to just be you. Write: Fuzztone, 300 S. Sharon Amity Rd. #304-D, Charlotte, NC 28211.

(6/92) SOUTHEAST/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60s, 6 ft., 175#. Looking for one younger Daddy type, 30s-50s, slender to stocky, dominant master in boots, leather, rubber, and uniforms. Free to travel, penpals welcome. Will be your willing boot slave. Photo appreciated. Write: **BOOTS**

(8/92) NC/NATIONWIDE: WM, retired, 65, 6'-2", 210#, caring, clean, excellent health, wishes to correspond and meet other mature males for friendship and more. No drugs. Photo appreciated. Write: **ATHOS**

(10/92) NORTH CAROLINA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 73, 5'-7", 140#, blue/brown, 6" cut, HIV negative, retired independent professional, lives alone, assures discreet privacy. I'm gentle, affectionate, considerate, and good conversationalist with sense of humor; liberal with interests in arts, letters, sciences; hobbies include writing, crafts, classical music, and travel (domestic and abroad); seeks older, honest, mature, independent GM disposed toward friendship with intimacy; welcomes frank, detailed correspondence leading to occasional meeting or travel without permanent commitment. All letters answered. Your picture (clothed OK) gets mine. Write to KRB, P.O. Box 428, Carrboro, NC 27510.

OHIO

(6/92) NATIONWIDE: GWM Daddy, 43, 5'-4", 190, seeks young friends, penpals, son types interested in a non-relationship Daddy in their life. Have many interests. Am very sincere, passionate, romantic, caring and loving. Send detailed letter plus photo, if possible to: H.P.S., P.O. box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(NS10/92) NATIONWIDE: WM, 48, 6 ft., 175#, professional, secure, retiring early, weightlifter, nonsmoker. Seeks masculine or hairy man, 40-65, for friendship, gentle love, and travel. Photo returned from: D.T., 811 Third Avenue, #C-2, Fremont, OH 43420.

OKLAHOMA

(6/92) **BURLY** STILL RUTTISH AND SEARCHING! I appeared on the back cover of Issue #46, and am looking for a husky to heavy-set, 55+ years, GWM, masculine fellow who is interested in getting to know a heavy-set, 41-year-old, masculine exec. I am smooth-skinned, hazel eyes, 5'-11". I love travel, books, movies, cars and LOVEMAKING. I am very versatile, affectionate and honorable. Please write with photo. All replies answered. D.B.R., P.O. Box 403, Lawton, OK 73502.

OREGON

(6/92) MARRIED, HORNY EXECUTIVE: seeks a furry man with romantic, verbal, and aggressive oral (son or dad) posture. Me: 53, 6'-2", 190#, salt & pepper moustache, uncut 5-1/2-6" cock with low-hanging sac, muscular lower legs, warm, sincere, no drugs/smoke or anal. Safe only, but impassioned, non-stop attitude. Write with descriptive letter and photo to: **RED-HOT**

PENNSYLVANIA

(6/92) SOUTH CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA: GWM, 37, Bl/Bl, 220#, losing fast, temporarily medically retired professional. I have plenty of time to travel in this area for now. I've always looked and felt older than I am, and I've always loved active men, ages 40-70+. I am looking for a man who lives in DC/Central MD/Central PA area. I want a man for friendship, companionship, fraternity. I love to date. My interests: movies, dogs (show/sport), horses, pets, computers, the outdoors, SCUBA diving, boating, handgun/rifle range shooting, outdoor clubs, maybe snow skiing (very novice). My point: I want us to be good friends first, then we will consider a relationship and/or SS. Write: M.T., P. O. Box 72, Shrewsbury, PA 17361.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(8/92) SEEKING SENIOR MEN: GWM, 44, 190#, 5'-11", and sincere about pleasing you. Men over 55 who love to be massaged, kissed and enjoy being loved. I will try to satisfy. I don't smoke or do drugs. I hope to develop honest and sincere friendships as well as safe, gentle sex. Photo gets mine. Write: **S.C. SENIOR PLEASER**

(8/92) SOUTH CAROLINA: GWM, 60, grey/brown hair, brown eyes, good appearance and good cock. Live in a forest. Enjoy oral and passive anal. I'm 6', 175#, looking for similar GWM or BiWM for serious relationship first. Second: loving fun. Married men welcome! Write: **CAROLINA PINE**

TEXAS

(8/92) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 46, stocky, nice looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up—no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O.Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

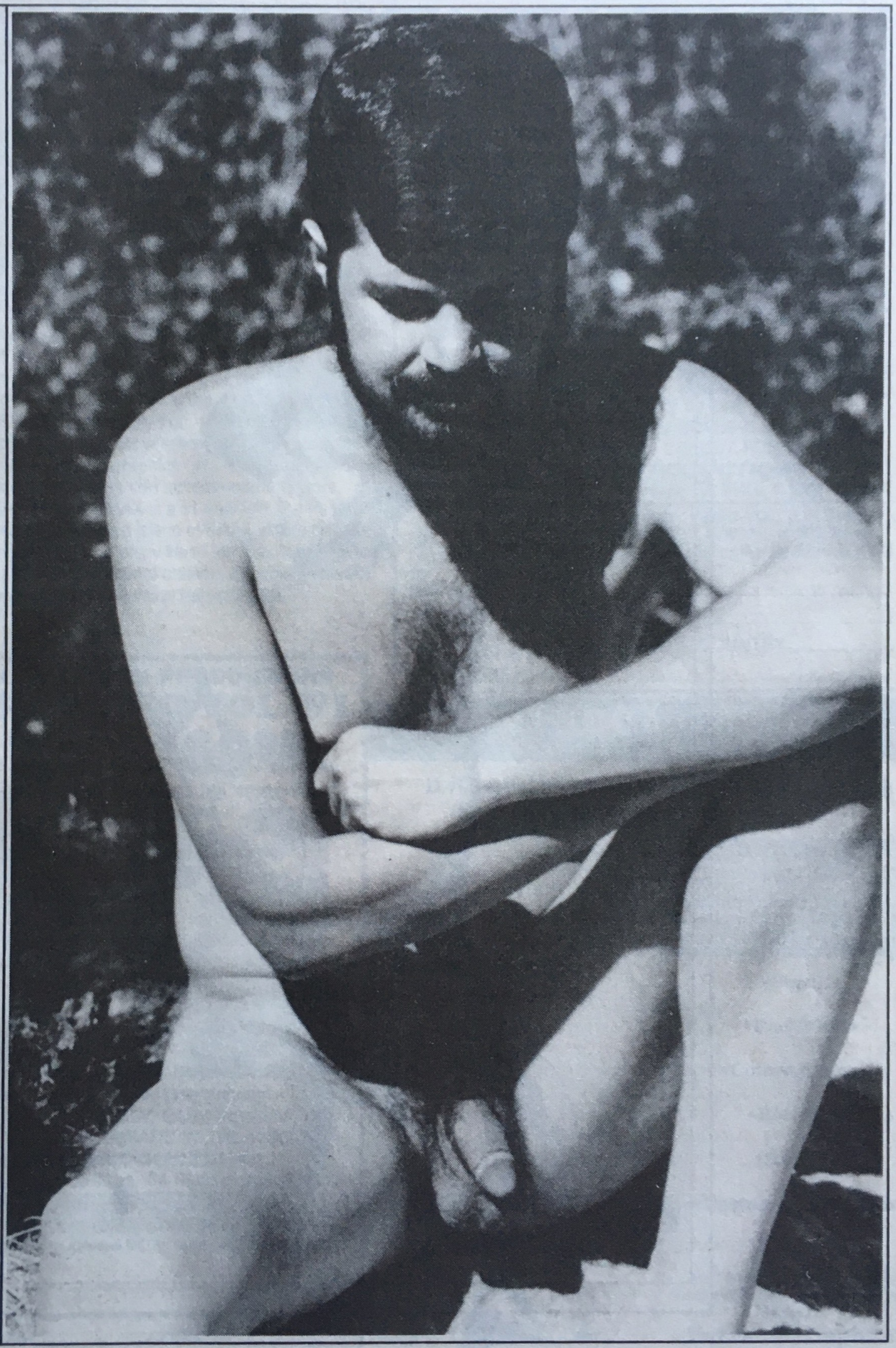
(12/92) SEEK YOUNG MALE: I seek friendship now, maybe more later. I'm very healthy, no diseases, clean, professional, attractive (I'm told), virile as though I were 18. Write. Send photo if possible. Jim, Box 190665, Dallas, TX 75219.

(6/92) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: Oriental, 35, 5'-8", 155#, seeks 55-69 senior gentlemen for correspondence/friendship/photos exchange, later visits and more fun. Prefer retired (or not) liberal professors, businessmen or other older gentlemen. Slender or well-proportioned a plus. Me: Young-looking, well-proportioned, kind, warm, black hair, smooth body, senior admirer. Will travel east, west, Florida during next summer, or Europe later. Photo appreciated. Write: **YOUNG-LOOKING**

(Continued - page 49)

JOEL

photo by TRAVIS



JOEL is a phenomenal model and photographer who recently paired up with super model, THOM. Currently living in Idaho, these two very "together" men have an open, yet very loving, relationship.

THE ARTWORK OF MAURICE

A L O N E

MAURICE, a young Mexican artist residing in London, truly appreciates the more mature man.

(PROFILES OF COLOR MODELS - Continued from page 25)

Page 29 (Cont.): **C.C.** is a rather prominent person. For those of you who recognize him, congratulations. For those of you who don't, keep guessing. In any event, he is 24 karat gold and can cook better than most of our mothers.

Page 30: **BAY AREA TOP** is one of our most popular personal advertisers, so it stands to reason that he will get his share of fan mail from his photo. He didn't particularly like this photo and asked us to wait for better ones, but we thought differently. He's 61, short, stocky, bald, hairy, HIV negative, strictly top and travels on business to major cities all over. **LORD CLEVELAND**, 66, 6', 230#, is a retired naval officer, professional artist and writer. He lives in the S.F. Bay area and is looking for 18+ guys like JOEL. **BOB FIVE** is 48, 5'-8", 300# and single. A Southern Californian, he is a teacher of sexuality studies and Biblical languages. **OUTBACK JACK** is 46, 190#, 5'-10", hairy and lives in Australia. He's a delightful model, a considerate and funny guy, and he took that heart-stopping photo of KOALA BEAR in the #49 Special Issue.

Page 55: **BILL OF WALES** is exactly that: a 69-year-old, retired, discreet, 5'-6" guy by the name of Bill who lives in Wales. His hobby is videography and Amiga 500 graphics. He loves letter-writing and meeting stocky guys, and he can accommodate visitors.

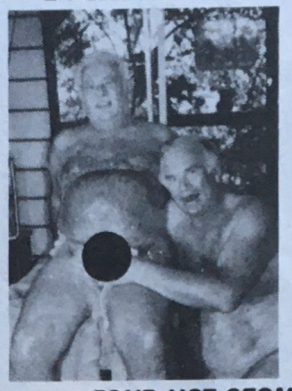
BACK COVER: **KAUAI TO DA MAX** is a 51-year-old, 5'-11", 195# workaholic who lives on the garden island of Kauai, where he likes to sing off-key in the shower and enjoy life to the max. He likes to meet men with a high positive mental attitude, especially men of different races, nationalities and cultural backgrounds.

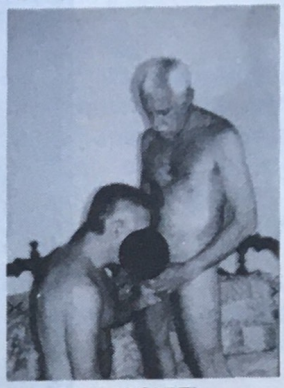
NEW FROM P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

DADDY VIDEO VOL. II

DADDY FOR DESSERT! ONLY **$69.95** + $4.00 S & H

2 FULL HOURS! **HOT OLDER MEN 50++!!**





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"THE PLUMBER" • "GENERALS & MAJORS"
"DAD'S ORNERY SLAVE" • "DADDY FOR DESSERT"

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YES! PLEASE SEND ME **DADDY VIDEO VOL. II** IN THE:
☐VHS ☐ BETA ☐ SUPER VHS ($79.95) ☐ VHS PAL ($79.95) Format
I am enclosing $69.95 + $4.00 S&H (Overseas $10.05). CA Res. add 8.25% tax ($5.77)

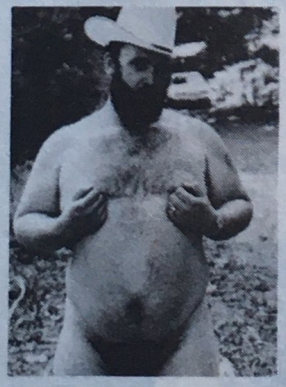
TO:
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE_____ ZIP_____ COUNTRY_____
SIGNATURE (Must be 21) _____

NEW FROM P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS

CHUBBY VIDEO VOL. VI

COPS, BIKERS, BEARS & Other Beautiful Creatures! ONLY **$69.95** + $4.00 S&H

2 FULL HOURS! FINALLY BIG BEARS TOGETHER!



FOUR HOT SEGMENTS IN ONE MOVIE!

"COP LUV" • "THE EASY, EASY RIDER"
"SAMSON & GOLIATH" • "BEARS IN THE WOODS"

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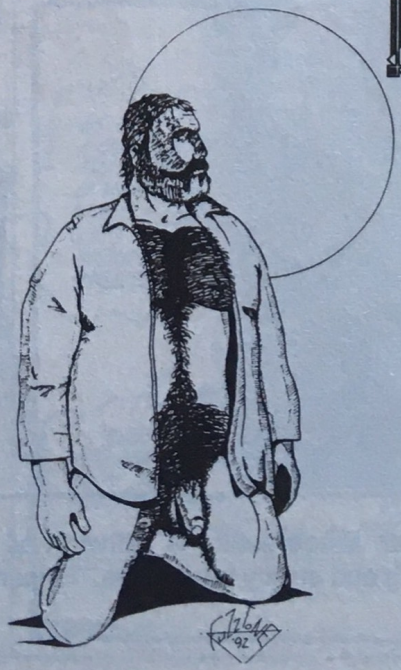
YES! PLEASE SEND ME **CHUBBY VIDEO VOL. VI** IN THE:
☐VHS ☐ BETA ☐ SUPER VHS ($79.95) ☐ VHS PAL ($79.95) Format
I am enclosing $69.95 + $4.00 S&H (Overseas $10.05). CA Res. add 8.25% tax ($5.77)

TO:
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE_____ ZIP_____ COUNTRY_____
SIGNATURE (Must be 21) _____

Fuzztone Graphics

If it's quality erotic artwork you're seeking, then look no further than this ad!

Artwork for bears, bear lovers, chubbies & chasers, mature men and their admirers alike!



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Invest in top quality artwork! Send a business-sized SASE for information and pricing to:

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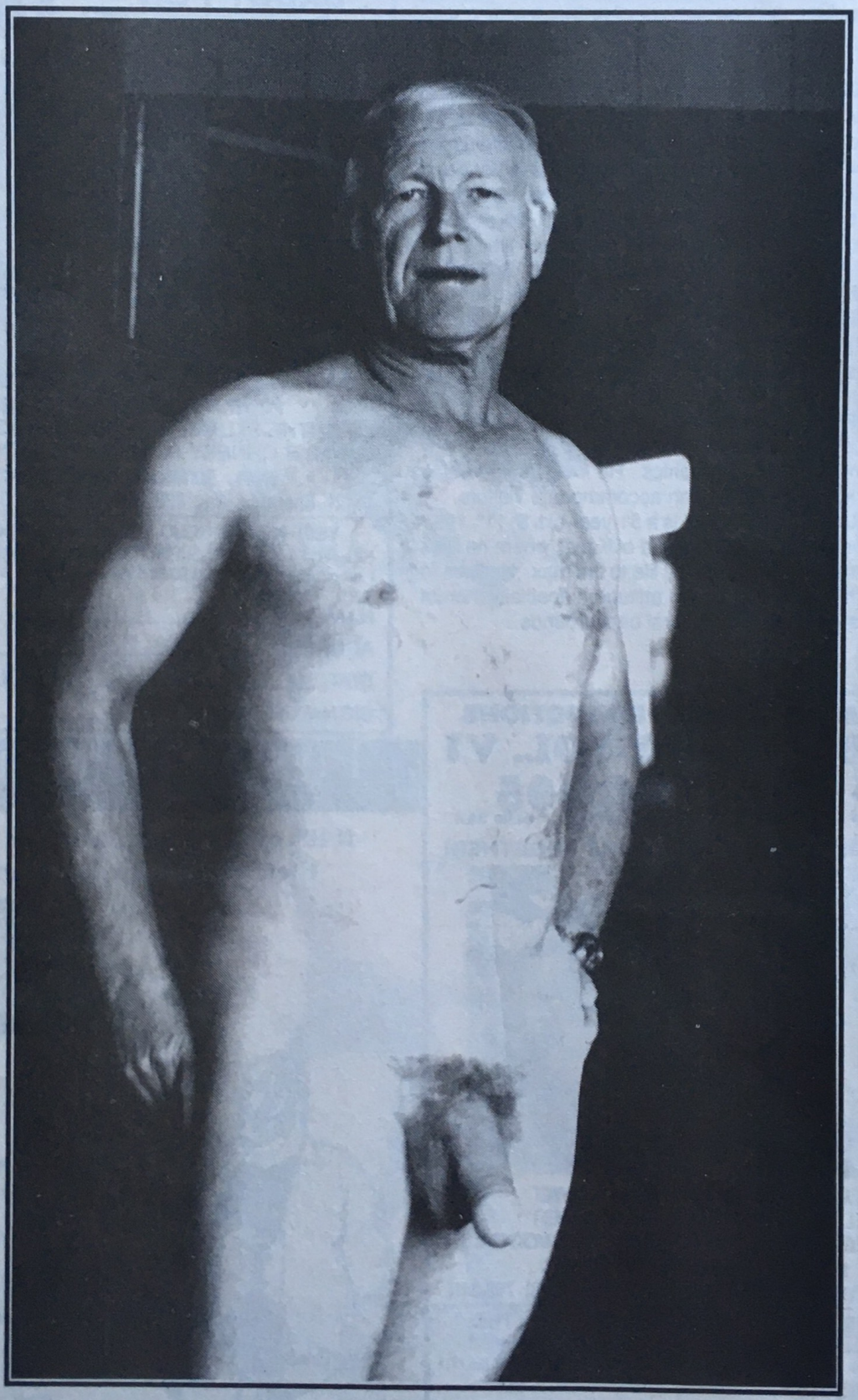
B U D T W O



This San Diego senior is active in all recreation/outdoor activities and enjoys traveling and quality friendships. Sincerity and honesty are given and expected in return.

(PERSONAL ADS - Continued from page 44)

(6/92) SEEK MATURE TEXAS GENTLEMEN: Would like to meet older gentlemen over 55 who are settled, secure, and in good physical shape. Am partial to bi Northern European types, divorced, widowered or separated, who would enjoy a private friendship. I'm 60ish, average height and weight, close to retirement in Dallas, and am looking forward to establishing long-term friendships with this type of gentlemen. Write: **MR. PETERS**

(NS8/92) COLLEGE STUDENT: ex-navy, hopes for friendship/help to finish college. Honest, sincere, please. Michael, Box 7208, Ft. Worth, TX 76111-0208.

WASHINGTON

(10/92)SEATTLE/TACOMA: I'm 65, 5'-7", 190#, stocky, healthy, young-at-heart, fun-loving, and able to travel. Seek younger man with his head on straight for friendship or whatever. Photo a plus. Write: **NORTHWEST STOCKY**

INTERNATIONAL

(Note: please include proper postage for overseas.)

(6/92) TOKYO: Japanese, 37 (look younger), 5'-7", 147#, healthy, nice-looking, silky, smooth skin, affectionate. Would like to have GWM friends--possible lover--in U.S. Want to move to U.S. in near future. Pluses are: over 45, stocky, blond hair, blue eyes. Would also like friends in Japan. Write: **TOKYOMAN**

(6/92) VANCOUVER: 69, 6'-2", 185#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travel, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, #281, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, V6G 3B7, CANADA

(8/92) HEALTHY EUROPEAN: 42, medium-hairy, well-off, professional, nonsmoker, seven thick, would like RAM type, 55 to 75 years old, well-hung, for fun. Write to: Paul Henry, c/o 542 Askin Blvd., Windsor, Ontario N9B 2X4, CANADA

(6/92) ENGLISHMAN PLANNING VACATION TRIP: FL, TX, CA, WA, wherever, after July. Would like to meet guys for mutual enjoyment and pleasure. I am 63, 5'-10", masculine and healthy, 170#, smooth-bodied, especially turned on by hairy bodies. Love to give and take French and oily massage and all bodily contact in long, slow, sensuous sessions. Also welcomes visitors to U.K. Write: **TOGETHERMAN**

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

PRODUCTS

RETIN-A: Authentic FDA-approved wrinkle creme available imported without prescription--at half off prescription price! 30 grams, .025% retinoic acid, $22.00 each. Seven (7) tubes $115.00. ACCR, Box 6131, Laguna Niguel, CA 92607. (29911 Niguel) (6/92)

COFFEE MUGS: Hand-made originals--coyotes, cactus, roosters, dancing birds, boots, your name in gold. $25 each. Includes shipping and handling. Domestic U.S. only. Inquiries invited. Used by the CR boys. Write: Marshall Matlock, P.O. Box 652, Twenty-nine Palms, CA 92277, or call (619) 367-2413. (6/92)

VIDEO

Video producer seeks video footage of older men in erotic, yet non-pornographic situations. Nude okay, but no sexual action or masturbation. Producer will buy the rights to exceptional footage for upcoming venture. Contact **SATURN** for more information. (6/92)

UNIVERSITY STUDY

RESPONDENTS NEEDED: for a study on attractiveness and sexual appeal across the life span. Questionnaires are available from: ESTHER ROTHBLUM, PH. D., DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, BURLINGTON, VT 05405. (6/92)

RETIREMENT/RELOCATION

PARADISE IS HERE!! Palm Springs, California: America's Desert Playground now leading gay retirement/relocation mecca! Warm sunshine; low crime; friendly, tolerant environment; relaxed lifestyle: All winners! Free information - contact: Stewart McCloud, "TLC SERVICES," P.O. Box 3337, Palm Springs, CA 92263. (619) 343-1220 (6/92)

PUBLICATIONS

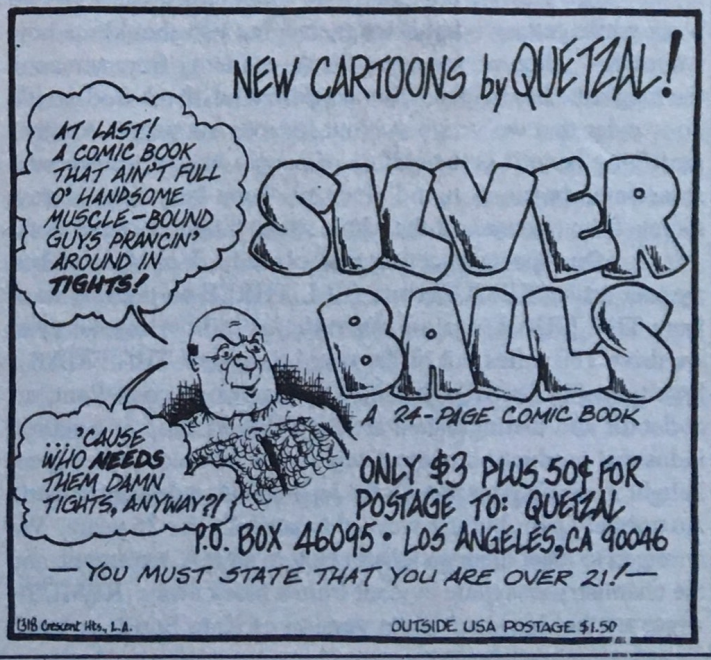
Little magazine of true male sex experiences. $3.00 to RANCH, P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064 (8/93)

EMPLOYMENT

CHIRON RISING IS LOOKING FOR ONE GOOD MAN: to aid in the day-to-day operations here at Casa de Luna. Must be robust and capable of doing everything from yardwork to non-tech help with magazine to house/dog sitting. Must provide own transportation, live within commuting distance (High Desert/Inland Empire Area), and have own medical insurance. Will be required to work maximum of 5 days a week, 8 hours a day. Lunch provided. Not looking for live-in at this time, but would consider such an arrangement if the right man came along. Salary commensurate with abilities. All ages, races, sizes, sexual orientations considered. This is not a sex ad. Write with salary requirements, employment history. References will be required of those called for interview. Contact CHIRON RISING.

PURCHASE OR LEASE ARRANGEMENT SOUGHT

In early 1993, CHIRON RISING will be looking for a mixed-zoned facility for lease or purchase somewhere in eastern Orange, northwestern San Diego, southwestern San Bernardino, or western Riverside Counties of Southern California. Seek approximately 1200 SF of office/warehouse space with attached, two-bedroom loft or apartment. Contact CHIRON RISING.


NEW CARTOONS by QUETZAL!
AT LAST! A COMIC BOOK THAT AIN'T FULL O' HANDSOME MUSCLE-BOUND GUYS PRANCIN' AROUND IN TIGHTS!
SILVER BALLS
A 24-PAGE COMIC BOOK
...'CAUSE WHO NEEDS THEM DAMN TIGHTS, ANYWAY?!
ONLY $3 PLUS 50¢ FOR POSTAGE TO: QUETZAL
P.O. BOX 46095 • LOS ANGELES, CA 90046
— YOU MUST STATE THAT YOU ARE OVER 21! —
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OUTSIDE USA POSTAGE $1.50

IN CLOSING

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY

On June 20, 1985, THE FRIAR and I met in Downey, California. It was a blind date set up by the publisher of *CENTAUR* Magazine, Mike Cee, whose acquaintance I'd arranged through the *HOLIDAY BULLETIN*, a published list of coded ads for older men and their admirers. Thank you, Mike; thank you, *HOLIDAY BULLETIN.*

It was the first time in my life that I'd felt sure of someone. It never occurred to me that the relationship wouldn't work, my prior string of failures notwithstanding. And somehow I knew that it was a fated alliance--that we were going to pull off something big together in spite of our lack of education and experience.

We celebrate our seventh anniversary this month and wanted you to know about it. We aren't, however, soliciting cards. Although cards are nice to get and are appreciated, they also have to be handled and filed, resulting in hours of added work. We therefore ask that, instead sending a card to us, send one to a lonely advertiser or those contributors who've gone through so much lately (PAPA BEAR, KEN RICHIE, THE COLONEL, ZIPPER & NIPPER, ROY & DAN, etc).

I can't leave the subject without urging all of you "looking" readers to never EVER give up. Write all models and advertisers whose age and size preferences you fit. Don't be intimidated, because many of our models and advertisers are just as anxious as you are. If you are an advertiser or model, answer all your letters, even if some responders don't seem to be your type. Meet everyone you can, even if it's only on a social level, because they might turn out to be that special person who introduces you to Mr. Right.

KEMUSH AND BILL THREE

Oh, sure, we complain a lot about how many hours we work while getting out this magazine, but you should see how we mellow when we receive a thank-you letter from someone the magazine has helped. That happens a lot, thank God, so it's no wonder that we've stuck it out for over six years. Another gratifying benefit is the calibre of people we get to meet and sometimes befriend. And since we keep very few, if any, secrets from our readers, the whole world usually gets the story.

One special meeting took place back in March when we met artists KEMUSH and BILL THREE on the way back from THE FRIAR's dental appointment in Los Angeles (yes, we drive 180 miles out of the way because of THE FRIAR's loyalty to his dentist). KEMUSH is a design consultant, art collector and distinguished artist. BILL THREE is a retired industrial production control supervisor who now takes great delight in dipping his toes in the jack-of-all-trades department. An unlikely pair, but it's worked beautifully for 26 years. We arranged to meet them on a patio next to an L.A. restaurant, and the chemistry was quite evident from a block away. KEMUSH wrote us that he is an "irate version of Kate Smith in butch lesbian drag" and that BILL THREE is "shortish with a clipped beard and moustache. It's the usual Mut and Jeff thing," he wrote. Of course, we recognized each other immediately. It was as if we had known them all our lives, and lunch was a special occasion.

From there we followed them to their 4,400 square feet, almost 100-year-old home and got our eyes opened but good. The place (they've lived there 22 years) is virtually a museum, filled with Southwest Indian artwork; stunning nude paintings of Indians and African-Americans; authentic Grecian marble statuary dating back God knows how many years; priceless artifact collections, which have been placed in special cages to protect them from earthquakes; an almost life-size, 17th Century wood carving of Christ on the cross; a stained glass panel with richly brilliant glass cut and embedded in such a way as to appear like ten-carat, rough-cut rubies, emeralds and sapphires (gold and blue); and some new erotic paintings by KEMUSH. THE FRIAR and I have been in countless art museums, but neither of us have ever seen paintings like these. KEMUSH has created a uniqueness of style that would water the mouth of the most jaded art collector. His colors are so vibrant and unexpected you feel that perhaps you are witnessing the unveiling of a new primary color.

In spite of KEMUSH's artistic genius, we are equally delighted with both of them. BILL THREE, one of KEMUSH's brightest art students, is one of those strong, silent types with a friendly grin and intelligent eyes. It will probably take a few more visits to really get to know him. The burly, white-haired KEMUSH is the spokesman and one very funny man. He and I have similar tastes in humor, and he had me in agony laughing over his new cartoons. He also had me oblivious of the time, which passed much too quickly. Sadly, we had to leave and try to beat the stampede out of L.A.

You'll notice that this issue introduces one of the new cartoons by KEMUSH, as well as the artwork of "student," BILL THREE. Incredibly, BILL started doing erotic art recently. As KEMUSH says, "One day he was looking at a copy of CR and he said, 'Hell, I can do this.'" And he did.

OUR NEW EDITOR

We once said of Charles Chiarelli: "He is the great man behind the great man." For those of you who've enjoyed the electrifying experience of hearing John McNeill speak, you might have noticed the shortish, stocky, handsome, Italianish guy with the video camera, still camera or tape recorder. That's Charles Chiarelli, John McNeill's life mate of 26 years (is there an echo in here? Oh, yeah, KEMUSH and BILL THREE). Recently retired from a successful career in engineering, Charlie asked if there was anything he could do to help us out. Knowing that he had edited both of John's books and possesses great communication skills, we asked if he would like to do some free-lance editing for us . . . if and when we started bringing in

enough money to make it worth his while.

That day has finally come. We have now reached the point where we need a full-time, professional editor, and we have asked Charles to fill that spot from his home in New York. We bid him a hearty welcome to the hot seat. THE FRIAR will continue to be the barometer for incoming submittals, but will no longer have to proof the rough drafts, much to his delight. He can now devote more time to the house. After all, he is a "retired" gentleman of 71. THE VIKING will continue to edit the novels for the special issues and act as a literary consultant. I will continue to write IN CLOSING and handle the accounting, distribution, production, subscription, mail order, correspondence . . . and yes, filing. And twice a year, I will be allowed to write another novel.

Of course, all this is contingent upon CR's salability on the newsstands and PDC's ability to sell us to their regional distributors and retailers. So far it looks good, but I'm not one to get over-confident. There are still many more improvements to be made, and we aim to implement them instead of resting on our laurels. Acquiring Charlie's talents is a big step in the right direction.

WHAT A DAY!

It all started on April 22, 1992, with the tragic explosion in Guadalajara, where writer and friend, GENE WAGNER and his mate, Hank live. Incredibly, THE FRIAR was able to get through and leave a message on GENE's answering machine. Even more amazing was the ease with which GENE was able to call back and tell us that they were okay. They live five miles from the site of the explosion and didn't even hear it!

Earlier, we'd received a call from a subscriber from the East Coast. He was in L.A. and wanted to drive out to meet us. Normally we would want more notice than just three hours, but something in the man's voice made me feel at ease. When he arrived in the early afternoon, I could see that this tall, white-haired man had eyes to match his voice. He didn't beat around the bush. He told us that he was a prominent Catholic priest and scholar who was on the verge of retiring. He wanted our advice on how (or even *if*) he should proceed with trying to seek a relationship (he's never had a lover) at the age of 68. You must understand that neither of us felt in any way qualified to give this awesome man personal advice, but he reminded us that we were the ONLY ones who could do it. He pointed out that CR *validates* so many lives and gives so many a feeling of belonging. Okay, so we created CR, but now the magazine has a life all its own, and we feel more like keepers than heroes. I guess it just scares us sometimes, especially when a man of this calibre comes to us in need.

He thinks he might be better off in a relationship with another priest and wondered if it was possible for him to start an outreach for other priests, many of whom are terrified of exposure and in need of an understanding friend and ally. He pointed out that an especially large percentage of Catholic priests are inclined to form (or yearn for) same-sex relationships, celibate or otherwise, and were trapped within a church organization whose conservative leadership wouldn't tolerate even a hint of homosexuality. We told him that we would make an attempt on his behalf in the space we had left in this column.

He declined dinner and insisted upon driving back to L.A. after only a couple of hours of one of the most inspiring and profound conversations we've ever had with a visitor. He told us that he came to California only to meet us—to make sure that we were indeed who he thought we were. He seemed very happy when he left, as if he was confident that good things were about to happen.

We'll call him **PADRE** and rest assured that the right people will write him in care of us.

Later that night, as I reflected on the meeting with PADRE, the 6.1 Desert Hot Springs earthquake hit, sending us fleeing for cover with Sammi and Zelda. It was the strangest earthquake we have ever experienced (and we've experienced 7 over-5.0 quakes together), because it lasted nearly a full minute. There was a feeling akin to being on a cruise ship atop rough seas. It was obvious that the epicenter wasn't nearby, so we knew that there had been a big one somewhere in Southern California. Then the programs on television were interrupted, and the rest of the night was devoted to the earthquake, which was finally located near Desert Hot Springs.

We tried calling ZIPPER and NIPPER, who live in that area, but couldn't get through. Because we just didn't believe early reports that there was little damage, we became worried. Calls were coming in to the television news rooms from all over Southern California . . . except from the Palm Springs area. We became even more worried.

It wasn't until the next morning that we finally got to talk to ZIPPER, who was pretty rattled but unhurt. Their house suffered structural damage, their crystal collection was history, their car bounced six feet down the driveway, and their cat—previously locked inadvertently in a guest bedroom— raced around the cracked walls after being let out.

But we weren't the only ones who struggled to get through to our friends in Desert Hot Springs and Guadalajara. Many other CR friends called, too. The network went into high gear.

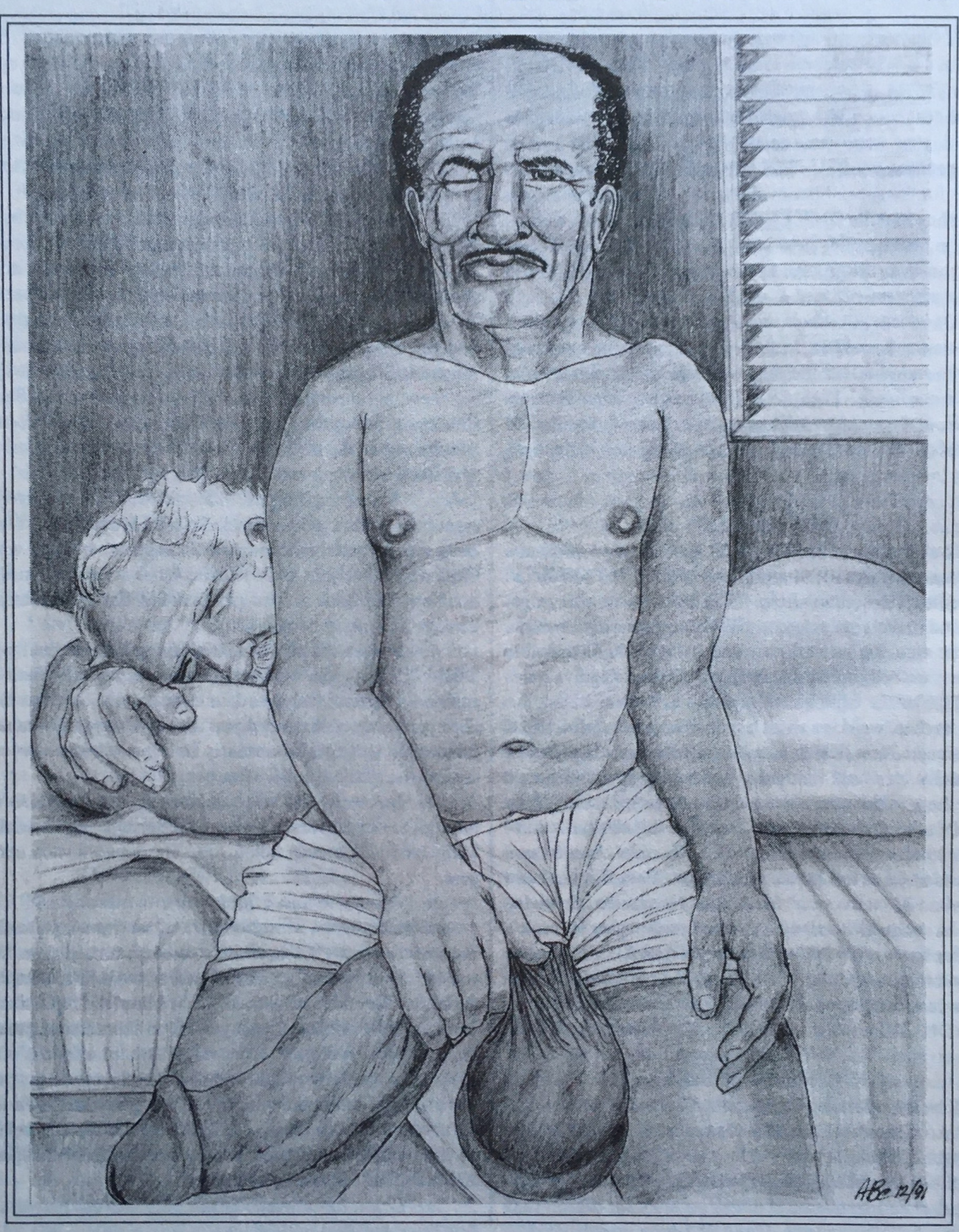
As I write this, I think of the words of PADRE again . . . and suddenly the word "validation" hits home. All our lives mean something. We're all here on earth for a reason. We're worthy. We're decent, productive men who've been denied our dignity. The older of us have been branded "repulsive" and "over the hill," while our younger CR brothers are characterized as having an "old man" fetish or a "father complex." On the other hand, we are caught between the increasingly radical camps of the homophobic right and the queer activist left. We are refugees from a "them and us" battle between people who cannot comprehend the intricate rainbow--the broad spectrum and diversity--of human sexuality.

If you feel alienated, then plug into our network. The first thing you feel will be love.

A wonderful summer to all of you from

PAT and THE FRIAR

THE ARTWORK OF ABE



ABE has a message for all you sexy, masculine daddies out there: "Send me your photos. You're the greatest inspiration and just plainly great. I'm muscular, masculine, 5'-5", 149#, black hair, brown eyes with moustache." ABE was featured as a model in Issue #47 and is one of our popular regular artists.

ORDER FORM

NOTE NEW SUBSCRIPTION OPTIONS, REVISIONS TO FOREIGN RATES AND THE LIFTING OF STATE RESTRICTIONS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES PER YEAR (the next 6 regular bi-monthly issues plus 2 special semi-annual issues)	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES PER YEAR (the next 6 regular bi-monthly issues only. No special issues)	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES PER YEAR (the next 3 regular bi-monthly issues plus 1 special odd month issue)	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES PER YEAR (the next 3 regular bi-monthly issues only. No special issue)	20.00	26.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

BACK REGULAR ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
1991: #44, #46, #47, #48	3.00 EACH	6.00 EACH

(ALL 1986 THRU 1990 BACK ISSUES ARE NOW SOLD OUT)

SEMI-ANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES		
FALL/WINTER 90 (SANCTUM) #37	3.00	6.00 ($8 for Japan)
SPRING/SUMMER 91 (MOONFINCH)#41	3.00	6.00 ($8 for Japan)
FALL/WINTER 91 (ZONES) #45	3.00	6.00 ($8 for Japan)
SPRING/SUMMER 92 (KNOWING SATURN) #49	8.00	10.00 (same for Japan)

IMPORTANT:

1) Because of risk of customs confiscation, we ship to Japan, United Kingdom and New Zealand via Air Mail Correspondence rate, which is more expensive than our usual Air Mail Printed Matter rate. All issues are shipped in separate envelopes. We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials.

2) All issues are now available in all states. THIS FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS, HOWEVER. NO EXCEPTIONS.

3) U.S. orders for three or more back issues are mailed via Priority Mail. Since multiple issue packages are too often reported as never received, we will not guarantee delivery of larger envelopes unless you request special handling and include an additional $2.00 to cover certified and return receipt fees.

4) The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand). Circle items requested and enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk. It should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna, Phelan]

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, HOMOSEXUALLY ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED.

SIGNED:_____

NAME:_____

ADDRESS:_____

CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____

PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #51(AUG 92) NO LATER THAN JUNE 15, 1992

Personal ads for both subscribers and non-subscribers are now priced at 30 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10. Codewords (An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you--subscribers only) are $5 per issue. A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

AD HEADING: (all caps)_____

MESSAGE: (Type or print clearly. Use attachment if more space needed. Do not abbreviate, except as noted below):

AD CLOSING or CODEWORD: (State the name and address or codeword you want to appear in the ad.)

NOTE: If you use a codeword, make sure it is unique. If your particular codeword has already been taken, we will assign another. YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER". YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

YOUR REAL NAME (not for publication):_____AD DURATION:___Issues

YOUR MAILING ADDRESS (if you are not a subscriber)_____

PRICING:_____Words X 30 cents/word X _____Issues= $_____

Codeword (if applicable): _____Issues @ $5 Each Issue _____

Telephone Verification (if applicable) @ $5 (One Time Charge) _____

TOTAL REMITTANCE $_____

NOTE: Abbreviations GWM, HIV, P.O. and two-letter state symbols are the only abbreviations allowed and each counts as one word. Number series (age, weight, height, endowment, P.O. box numbers, addresses, apartment numbers, zip codes and telephone numbers) count as one word each. We refuse to print descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. CLEARLY specify what you seek, not what you exclude.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.

(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

BILL OF WALES . . . photo by **LARWOOD**

KAUAI TO DA MAX

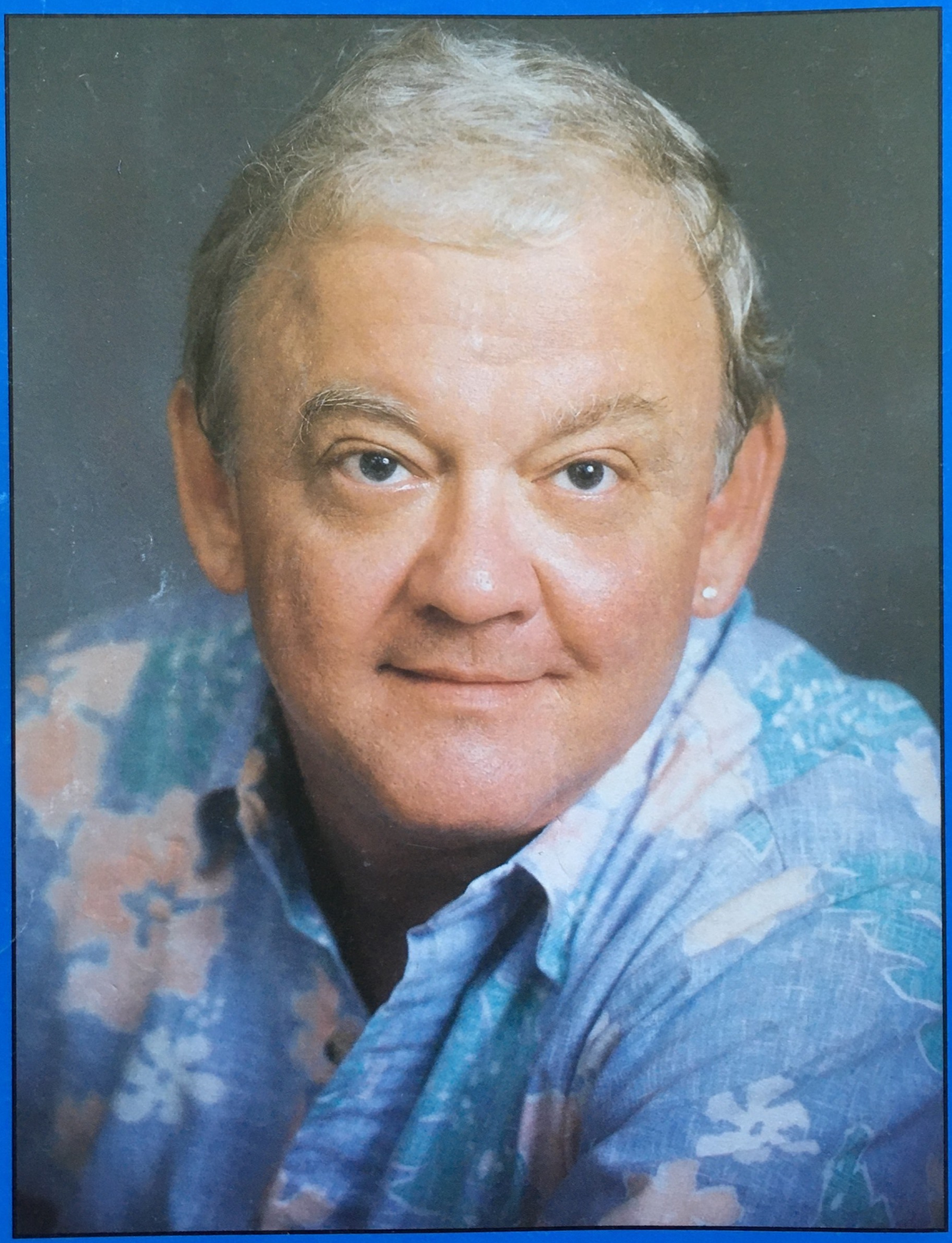


photo by PONO